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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

A PESSIMIST PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY

IN a recent issue we referred to Oswald Spengler's *Untergang des Abendlandes* of which we publish a review this week. The book has been one of the best sellers in German-reading Europe from the date of its appearance, and is being widely discussed, not only in German reviews, but also in those of other countries. Benedetto Croce, perhaps the leading living philosopher of Italy, now Minister of Education in Giolitti's cabinet, after tracing Spengler's pessimistic theories back as far as Vico's *Scienza Nuova*, two hundred years ago, ascribes the popular reception of the recent book to a 'wave of historical pessimism, now sweeping over Germany.'

The review we publish requires to be supplemented by extensive extracts from the work itself, in order to be fully intelligible; but we think the article is sufficiently suggestive of a sentiment which is taking profound hold of the thinking people of Europe to interest our readers.

NEW THINGS AND OLD FROM RUSSIA

LENIN's letter to British labor, which we print this week, was brought to

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England by Ben Turner, chairman of the British Labor Delegation, part of whose personal observations on Russia we recently printed. So far as we are able to judge from British press comments, the letter has not been received favorably by English workers, because it is alleged to display ignorance and misunderstanding of labor sentiment in Great Britain, and to be premised upon conditions which do not exist and are not likely to exist in that country.

The second installment of the lively 'Attempt to Interpret Russia,' which we also print this week, may be welcomed by our readers because the Tsar has had very few defenders or apologists in this country; and because of the apparently precise information its author gives concerning the early relations between the German government and the Bolshevik exiles in Switzerland. Whether or not the author's appraisal of Lenin's character, conduct, and ability is a fair one, his account of what happened at Berne illustrates a fact which should be impressed upon the public mind, that revolutionary morality is war morality, and not the morality of an established social system. The temper of the article may be influenced by the fact

that it was written for a conservative Catholic paper, published in Barcelona, the stronghold of Spanish Bolshevism.

Alderman Ben Turner continues his account of his impressions in Russia with a report of the campaign to protect the public health in that country. He seems to have discovered a number of praiseworthy institutions, better equipped and managed than popular accounts of Russian conditions would lead us to expect. Speaking of one of the public sanatoria he says: 'The rooms are very fine, large and airy, and richly furnished, and great care is being taken of them.' There were seven hundred thousand cases of influenza in round numbers during the Russian epidemic. Up to July, 1919, nearly one million three hundred thousand typhus cases were registered, of which eight per cent died. The birth rate is lower than before the war, but higher than during the war itself. Describing one sanatorium for tubercular children, Mr. Turner says:

At another place we went to, miles away again among pine forests, and by a river, the house was used for children predisposed to tuberculosis. They live in the open air in the summer months, and it was strange what questions some of the youngsters put to me as I sat underneath the shade of the trees, with about thirty of them around me, naked as they were born, except for what may be termed bathing drawers. They were very bright. One lad of ten said he had been in London, and could talk in English some little, and he wanted to know why we English folks were helping the Poles. Another asked when we were going to overthrow the capitalists. I asked them how they formed their opinions, and where they got their information from, and they said they read the newspapers. I asked the youngsters to put up their hands who read the newspapers, and over a dozen of them did so.

He concludes his observations as follows:

I have nothing but praise for their health work. They are teaching cleanliness and the virtues of fresh air. They are handicapped by illiteracy, prejudice, tradition, food shortage, transport difficulties, and lack of medicines.

They will overcome these things with education and peace.

Mrs. Snowden, who was a member of this English delegation, in an interview published in the *London Times* says:

I return home with the absolute conviction that we have nothing to learn or gain from Bolshevism. England is a very conservative country, but Socialism has a better chance here than ever in Russia through Bolshevism.

What keeps the Bolsheviks going is the war and the hatred of the Pole and of foreign intervention. This is rallying to it all the country, and if you spoke even to the firmest adherent of the old régime you found him moved by a feeling of genuine patriotism. If peace were proclaimed to-morrow there might be a general reaction against Bolshevism, and the Soviet would either have to go or to round off many of its corners. There is even now a latent, secret longing for the appearance of a military dictator, a Russian Napoleon, who would take matters in hand.

THE 'MARRIAGE CRISIS' IN FRANCE

HENRY BORDEAUX, of the French Academy, discusses in *L'Echo de Paris* some of the effects of the war upon marriage. He says that during the first months of the war the marriage tie was strengthened, and tenderness and respect for woman was heightened with religious sentiment.

There was scarcely a soldier who did not wear over his heart the photograph of his wife and children. I recall my comrades at the headquarters who were entrusted with the oversight of the postal service for the army. Their mission was a delicate one which they fulfilled conscientiously and tactfully. These men frequently mentioned how most of the letters passing between husband and wife at that time strengthened their faith in the future of their country.

Women were conducting businesses abandoned by their husbands or working additional hours in shops and factories or laboring in the fields, even taking their place between the shafts of carts. Those of the well-to-do classes were solicitously supervising the education of their children. Everywhere those left behind were trying to take the place and perform the duties of the absent, and to preserve a place for them when they returned.

But, he continues, the war lasted too long. Many people accustomed themselves to separation and adjusted themselves to the freedoms and privileges of single life.

Women performing the tasks and assuming the responsibilities of men acquired a taste for masculine independence. Many lost interest for one reason or another in their homes. They returned to them as seldom as possible. They became nurses and munitions workers or petty merchants. They sought employment in cities. Even if they remained in their native villages they acquired the habit of frequently visiting the city. Meantime their husbands acquired a new attitude toward life. When wounded they were attended by women of greater refinement than they had known before. In the army they received letters from godmothers of education and culture. They read more than previously; they thought more than in their former life; they acquired new tastes, new aspirations, new melancholies, new and obscure ambitions. Their furloughs were not always a source of pleasure. They reached home full of illusions, which a few days dissipated, because these illusions had never been based on reality. So long as they were absent they felt the old tenderness; as soon as they returned they discovered their alienation. It followed that many families were united only when they were parted.

All this was ended by the armistice. All, except the many who were never to return, came back to their firesides. Thereupon it was no longer possible to overlook the divergencies of mind which had previously been suspected but not fully appreciated. Truly, indeed, the joy of homecoming had been great in many, many instances. Family life was resumed with a delight in domesticity, unknown before the war. But in many cases also, the fact of a change was recognized. The husband having served through a frightful campaign, and endured untold hardships, relieved of all obligations to be patient and forbearing, made excessive demands upon those with whom he lived. Wives no longer felt obligated to obedience nor even to returning to the domestic fireside. They did what they pleased and resented any attempt to check their will. The result is that separations and divorces have multiplied.

POLAND'S ANTI-BOLSHEVIST PROPAGANDA

A correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*, who accompanied the Polish army during its recent advance through

the Ukraine, thus describes the policy adopted by the temporarily victorious forces in dealing with their Bolshevik prisoners:

The Poles have captured fifty thousand Bolsheviks. The expense and difficulty of interning and feeding these men make such a measure impossible. Moreover, Russia has so many soldiers that it is not seriously inconvenienced by the loss of relatively so small a number. So it has been decided to release all these prisoners, allowing them to go home each one with a small sack of salt, a package of matches, and tobacco: things which it is impossible to obtain in Bolshevik Russia. They will also be given provisions for a few days. It is anticipated that when these fifty thousand men get back to the Communists and explain how well they have been treated, their comrades will be persuaded likewise to surrender and bring their rifles over to Poland and to exchange them for salt, which, in the present scarcity, is incomparably more valuable than gold or silver. At present though, the Bolshevik prisoners are detained in large camps where they are well cared for and fed. Lecturers are detailed to instruct them in the errors of communist theories and to prove to them how useless it is to fight in defense of a doctrine which has ruined their country.

AN INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF VETERANS

AMONG the numerous efforts to promote the spirit of internationalism is the recent Congress of Ex-Soldiers held at Geneva, at which soldier organizations from Great Britain, Italy, Germany, France, Alsace-Lorraine, and Switzerland were represented. The Swiss delegates were volunteers who had fought either on the French or German side. For various reasons, delegates from Austria, Belgium, Russia, and Yugoslavia were not able to be present, although their ex-soldier organizations are federated with the international society. The spirit of the convention was very radical, although there was evidence of some conservative opposition to committing the congress to extreme social theories. Its permanent bureau will maintain intimate relations with the executive

Third National at Moscow, and this network of soldier organizations is probably to be regarded as ancillary to international Bolshevik propaganda.

GERMAN DISARMAMENT

IN a recent issue we published a German account of the progress made in converting the great Prussian Arsenal at Spandau into an establishment for making peace goods. *Le Petit Parisien* summarizes the report of the French Minister of War upon Germany's compliance up to date with the disarmament requirements of the treaty. After citing several clauses which had already been complied with, or are in process of satisfactory settlement, the minister says that lack of transportation had delayed the delivery of German war materials beyond the date of March 11 originally fixed. Up to the 5th of January, 1920, 17,500 cannon, 21,000 machine guns, and 108,000 portable guns had been delivered. The Germans claim to have destroyed in addition over 4000 cannon, 4000 machine guns, and 66,000 portable guns. The account says that without doubt considerable material has been concealed. The quantity of arms and ammunition captured by the Germans from the Allies and redelivered to them is less than estimated, probably because the Germans broke them up for their raw materials. War factories and arsenals have not been dismantled to the extent called for. The Allies estimate that 15,000 works were engaged more or less in producing arms and munitions, but the Germans have reported only 2000. Of the latter number, 888 have been inspected by the Allies and 577 entirely closed. Great importance is attached to the fact that 25,000 gauges have been destroyed. At the Krupp works, in Essen, the control commission dis-

covered 80 cannon, of 77 centimetre gauge, in process of fabrication. The number of troops has been reduced to 200,000, but there has been no decrease in the number of formations. All the aviation material has not been reported. The Germans have sometimes exhibited insolence and even violence toward the Allied agents supervising this disarmament.

Among the clauses which have not been complied with in the slightest, is the one requiring the army law to be repealed or amended. The French War Office believes that Germany is trying to preserve the skeleton of a great military establishment, by retaining the outlines of its old formations with its reduced forces.

ENGLAND'S GROWING COST OF EMPIRE

ACCORDING to the London *Daily Herald* the British government is maintaining in the Near East almost 150,000 regular troops, of whom the greater part, however, are not Europeans, and is spending nearly 40,000,000 pounds sterling per annum to insure the recognition of its suzerainty in that region. The detailed figures are as follows:

	Men	Pounds Sterling
Constantinople	22,846	3,894,000
Egypt	32,068	7,543,000
Palestine	23,014	6,340,000
Mesopotamia	70,603	21,605,000

Of course this does not include the cost of the naval forces employed there, or any civilian expense for administering these territories which may be a charge upon the home revenues.

BRITISH SHIPBUILDING

BRITISH shipbuilding has recently experienced a sudden slump. Freights, particularly time-charters, have re-

cently been falling, while the cost of constructing new vessels has been mounting. The result is that not only are no orders coming into the yards, but orders already given are being canceled. An ordinary tramp steamer which could be bought for less than \$250,000 before the war, now costs well toward \$1,500,000. The situation has reached a crisis on account of a recent demand by the workers for increases in pay equivalent to a dollar a day, and a reduction of hours from 48 to 44 a week. Employers claim that the present output of their men is only seventy per cent of what it was in 1913. Japanese competition, and to some extent American competition, is affecting the status of the industry in Great Britain.

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL

THE recent encyclical of the Pope, urging the reconciliation of the Christian nations and the restoration of the spirit of Christian brotherhood throughout the world, has been discussed by European journals principally in connection with the new political situation created by its implied formal recognition of Rome as the capital of Italy. Taken in conjunction with the permission recently given to members of the Church in Italy to participate in politics as a distinct party, this constitutes a long step toward the acceptance of the existing political status by the Vatican. While the encyclical is said to have been printed in full in the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, only brief extracts were published in the newspapers which have as yet reached our desk.

BOYCOTTING HUNGARY AND THE PEASANT MOVEMENT

AMONG the ever novel phases of the present European revolution is the recent general boycott, started by international labor organizations against the 'White Terror' in Hungary. This movement is said to have resulted in the overthrow of the cabinet at Budapest. A counter-agitation has been started among the peasantry, for the purpose of organizing the small land-holders throughout Europe into a 'Green International,' to oppose political strikes started by transportation and industrial workers by ceasing to ship provisions to industrial centres, and by preventing provisions being sent by others. Meantime the arming of the peasantry throughout Southern Germany and former Austria-Hungary goes on apace. This is rumored to be in preparation for a clerical and monarchist revolt against the present Socialist, or semi-Socialist, governments in those countries.

In the last German elections the two conservative parties showed the greatest strength in Pomerania and Mecklenburg and the other agricultural districts east of the Elbe, while Southern Germany stood truer to the new democracy. The democrats lost many votes in the clerical states, however, because they were suspected by the peasantry of being under Jewish control. It appears to have been the swing of the small farmer's and small business-man's vote to the conservative party that strengthened the representation of the latter in the present parliament. That part of Schleswig which remains German cast its vote for the conservative Socialists.

[*Die Hilfe* (German Evangelical Literary and Political Weekly), June 10]

THE DEATH OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

BY ERICH FRANZ

TRULY it is an age of signs and wonders. The deep is opening and revealing its mysteries. Prophecy, the gift of the Orient and of primitive ages, has again found a voice. To be sure it dons a modern guise and speaks the language of the day. Oswald Spengler, in his *Death of Western Civilization* is not exactly a mumbling Pythian priestess, nor a Jeremiah tortured by the Spirit of God. Possibly he suggests rather the wisdom and sagacity of an ancient augur, watching the flights of birds or scrutinizing the entrails of a sacrifice. He has in fact a trace of all these qualities. He is a thinker of wonderful scholarship, a poet of inspired vision, who seemingly following strictly scientific methods, and citing a wealth of pertinent evidence, predicts the decline and disappearance of our proud, self-confident, western civilization. He makes serious use of foresight gained from knowledge in the field of history. He conceives himself as merely an instrument, the mouthpiece of a compelling historical message, of an idea which does not fall within an epoch, but constitutes an epoch, and therefore is not in a strict sense the property of the man who proclaims it. The very first pages greet the startled and incredulous reader with the sentence: 'In this book we shall for the first time endeavor to describe the course of history in advance. Our task is to follow the fate of a culture, of the only culture in the world which has attained completion — that of Western Europe — through the next stage of its existence.'

He then proceeds: 'The possibility of accomplishing so vast a task has never hitherto been seriously contemplated, and even had that been the case materials for the purpose were either absent or inadequately at hand.'

Spengler employs for his purpose a study of the morphological relationships and parallels between the courses of development of the great civilizations of history. In particular he compares ancient Greco-Roman culture with modern Western European culture, tracing them in intimate detail through the striking analogies presented by typical phases of their evolution. Mathematics and music, economics and religion; every field of culture passes under his inspection. Facts, theories, visions, and prophecies are woven into the texture of his argument, as in the case of the Revelations of St. John and the *Phenomenology* of Hegel. Spengler rends the veil before the future, and proclaims with proof upon proof to the startled and awed auditor, or to the skeptical unbeliever, the approaching end. His prophecies are as impressive and as foreboding as those to the ancient sages of Israel: the day of doom approaches, the end of all things draws irresistibly nearer. We must look the facts calmly in the face and take measures accordingly.

But this end is no judgment, no punishment for sin. It is fate. The unescapable fate of all living, conscious nature, which germinates, grows, and decays — whether embodied in men, peoples, or cultures. What we conceive

as important and everlasting, viewed from a higher pinnacle is as transient as the flowers of the fields; a wind passes over it and it vanishes, and the place where it existed knows it no more. To see this destiny and yet defy it is puerile and purposeless. 'Fate guides the willing and compels the unwilling.' We should recognize our destiny, that we may accommodate ourselves to it. It is the peculiar gift of the Occidental mind that it prepares calmly for the sleep of death; that it has produced sciences, comprehended history, and foreseen its end. 'The ancient world likewise died but knew it not. It conceived itself as eternal. It passed its last days, preoccupied with the thoughtless pleasures of the moment, as though the gifts of the gods were never to be exhausted. But we know whither history leads us. We shall die conscious, and shall study every stage of our dissolution with the keen eye of an experienced physician.'

Only a man of the West could write such a book. It is the chant of a dying culture, singing its swan song. This clarity of vision is only possible at the moment of departure, at the hour of death. The owls of Minerva do not fly till midnight.

Spengler is no preacher of penance. He is no Amos of Thekoe, or John the Baptist, warning that the day of vengeance has arrived. Neither is he a Fichte seeking the wells of a new life in the deepest valley of national humiliation, and lifting his eyes constantly to the mountains whence rescue comes. He foretells our fate merely that we may know it and meet it. A prominent Chinese philosopher, Ku Hung Ming, desiring to protect and defend his Fatherland against the intrusion of western ideas, sounded a warning during the World War that Europe's fate was sealed. He prescribed the ethical ideals of Confucius to heal the

illness of the Occident, betrayed by its material civilization and by its reduction of all human existence to mechanical standards. He, like Spengler, feels the appeal of the romantic: 'The cultivation of the soul instead of physical civilization; personal worth instead of material refinement; authority instead of Socialism and democracy.' But Spengler has no design to improve and convert the world. He sees how hopeless such an effort would be; how impossible it is to throw a spoke into the wheel of fate. Therefore he interprets the inevitable victory of the modern tendencies as dissolution and death. Spengler is a brother of Nietzsche—over-endowed, never at peace, with a consciousness of existence so keen that it ranges beyond the sphere of mortality. But the lava-flow of his passionate sentiment is often encrusted with a hard, firm surface, which holds it imprisoned and silent under its burden of black melancholy and cold resignation. He is a true product of a wearied, lacerated age.

Spengler is not only a prophet, but also a philosopher. To be sure he is not so original in essential matters as he would have us believe, but still he possesses that quality in a high degree. His faith in the absolute novelty of his views imposes unduly upon a layman; but he deserves great credit for having revived tremendous interest in the philosophy of history. We may indeed ask, is there really such a philosophy? May not history, as comprehending the acts and sufferings of the human spirit and the human race, be merely an incomplete fragment of a greater group of phenomena? Is there such a thing as a continuing purpose, a rational law, a causal sequence in human history?

The Christian Church in the Middle Ages conceived the record of mankind in simple outline as a divine drama bounded by creation, salvation,

and final judgment. Now in our modern age we have reversed all this. We recognize no longer God nor destiny. Men are supposed to bear their fates in their own bosoms, and to shape them with their own hands. The Golden Age does not lie behind us in a beginning, but ahead of us in the misty future, ever luring us forward.

Spengler rejects alike optimistic faith in endless progress, the early pessimistic idea of the fall of man, and the third conception of constantly repeating cycles. He does not regard human history as the product of reason, much less of predestination and divine guidance. He does indeed teach faith in destiny, but a destiny psychologically based upon the human heart; a destiny that is not blind fate but organic necessity determining the conduct of mankind. Every flower withers. Every living thing dies. So is it with culture and civilization.

This is the all-dominating central idea of Spengler's thoughts and visions. He regards rather the beautiful world as a typical self-contained sphere of culture, whose wealth and fairness and richness inspire the highest enthusiasm in him. He adopts as a motto Goethe's verses:

Strömt Lebenslust aus allen Dingen,
Dem kleinsten wie dem grössten Stern,
Und alles Drängen, alles Ringen
Ist ewige Ruh' in Gott dem Herrn.

(All things radiate the joy of life,
The smallest atom and the largest planet,
And all are striving and struggling toward
Eternal rest in God, their Master.)

All this wealth and abundance of life are accompanied by the certainty of death. No one expects a blossoming field to be eternal. But when we come to the creations of human culture, 'we are mastered by a boundless, frivolous optimism regarding the future.' In reality mankind has no aim, no idea, no

plan, no more than a species of butterfly or orchid has an aim. 'Mankind' is an empty word. Remove this phantom concept from the thought-forms of history, and we find a surprising wealth of real forms taking its place.

Instead of a monotonous, rectilinear path of evolution, which we only can conceive by willfully shutting our eyes to an overwhelming multitude of facts, I see the outlines of innumerable powerful cultures emerging successively with primitive vigor from the bosom of the earth, and during the whole epoch of their existence closely bound to their mother soil, expanding, impressing upon the plastic material which forms their substance — that is humanity — their own distinctive forms; and I see that each of these successive cultures has its own ideals, its own passions, its own life and will and feeling, and its own death. These cultures reveal when thus viewed, colors and lights and motion which no intellectual eye has hitherto discovered. There are growing and dying cultures, nations, tongues, truths, gods, landscapes, just as there are young and old oaks and pines, blossoms, twigs, and leaves. But there is no such thing as an 'aging mankind.' Every culture has its own forms of expression, which are born, mature, and wither, and never return. The world has produced numerous fundamental distinct kinds of sculptures, paintings, mathematics, physics. Each has lived a limited period; each has been self-contained, just as each species of plants has its own blossoms and fruits, its own cycle of growth and death. These cultures which are life types of the highest order, grow as regardless of a final end as the flowers in the fields. They belong, as do the plants and animals, to the living nature of Goethe, not to the dead nature of Newton.

We must comprehend how alien every great culture is to all other cultures, and refrain from trying to place ourselves in a 'Spirit of the Age,' thus flattering ourselves that we have made great progress toward comprehending it. What do we know of the mental life of a Babylonian or a Greek? 'For a modern Chinaman or an Arabian, with his special type of intellect, Kant's theory is merely an intellectual curiosity.' In history, also, we must gain perspective; something we assume without question in natural science. We must adopt the Copernican point of

view, not that of Ptolemy. We must not think of ourselves as standing at the centre of the universe, as the pole around which millenniums of history and great civilizations revolve. We must learn rather to regard our own history and our present world 'as something interminably distant and alien,' if we are 'to survey the whole phenomenon of human history, as with the eye of God, like a range of mountain peaks in the horizon, with which we have no personal connection.'

But let us go back to the prophet. How is it with the prediction of our speedy decline and death? What arguments does Spengler use to convince us of this?

He seeks to restore history to the high position from which it has been ejected by the natural sciences. 'The world as history' means constant change—an endless procession of individual incidents, which never return, of things that cannot be replaced or revived. 'The world as nature' on the other hand, indicates an intellectual conception of a very different structure. It is something complete, terminated, replaceable, and measurable. The world as history is a vital thing—the 'nature' of Goethe and Bruno, the 'creative evolution' of Bergson, the dynamic interconnection or organic necessity of destiny. The world as nature is dead and rigid; statistical, following mechanical laws—the nature of Newton. It deals with time in its abstract and mathematical senses. The former is actual, an intellectual experience, a section of time whose content is fear, joy, care. In the strict sense of the word, there can be no science except of what is complete and finished. The pragmatic treatment of history, seeking for a series of causation in human records, is merely 'disguised natural science.' Nature is the proper subject of science, but history is material for

creative treatment. We are interested, not in the concrete facts of history, but in what they signify and suggest. History is 'an expression, a symbol of organized mental existence.' Every incident is a symbol, a confession. 'Whatever is transitory is merely representative of reality; not reality itself.' The instruments of historical investigation are ability to identify the feelings of others with our own, observation, comparison, intuitive conviction, exact concrete imagination. As we infer the thought and emotions of a man from his facial expression, so we try to learn from the superficial aspects of cultural phenomena their spiritual content. Where science systematizes nature, we must read the physiognomy of the history. This theory of Spengler might be termed expressionism.

By thus regarding history as an expression of spiritual and mental existence, and liberating it from the numbing shackles of natural science, we but increase the importance of the question, whether it is possible to predict and prognosticate, as Spengler assumes. What instruments have we to employ? His reply is very simple. We predict the future from the past. If we study intently the cultural epochs of past ages, they reveal two striking traits. The first is the intimate organic inter-relation of all the external expressions of a culture. In other words, their morphological trueness to type. The second is a consistent and comprehensive parallelism between the courses of development of great cultures and civilizations of entirely different content. This he terms the homology of historical phenomena; and his conception might, in this second instance, be compared to Kant's definition of analogy as 'a similar relation between dissimilar things.'

Both of these facts have been previously observed, but they have not

been fully appreciated and subjected to strict scientific scrutiny. The first of them is suggested in the romantic theory of national character, and with somewhat different emphasis in Hegel's theory of historical national mind — great collective personalities, which express themselves in art, religion, morals, governments, and constitutions, with all the individual traits and qualities of a living person. Spengler asks: 'Do we fully appreciate that a deep organic connection exists between differential calculus and the dynastic governmental theory of the age of Louis XIV; between the ancient city-state, and Euclid's geometry; between the employment of perspective by Occidental artists and the conquest of space by railways, telephones, and long range weapons; between counterpoint in instrumental music and the credit system in economics?'

Likewise similarities, analogies, and the reappearance of typical traits in the cultures and civilizations of different ages have previously been identified; but they have not been subjected heretofore to rigid scientific scrutiny. Rhodes is sometimes called the 'Venice of the ancient world.' Napoleon is referred to as a new Alexander. Nor have we recognized that every historical phenomenon appears by necessity at a particular moment. Each important individual existence is compelled by inexorable law to conform to the phase of the culture to which it belongs — youth with its unbounded optimism; then after a Gothic and Doric spring-tide, the passionate visions of Leonardo, Galileo, Bruno, Hutten, and corresponding to them the great seers of the pre-Socratic school. Following this spontaneous culture comes its distorted image, precipitated in a civilization, where in place of a living, emotional soul appears the soulless mechanism of the mere intellect.

Patriotism, religion, reverence of authority and tradition express the earlier stage of culture; journalism, emigration, childless families, worship of money, great cities are characteristic traits of its second and barren stage. The European civilization of the present — 1800 to 2000 A.D. — corresponds to Hellenic civilization of the period between 300 and 100 B.C. Socialism is the analogue of Stoicism and Buddhism. Bread and circuses have reappeared. Wage struggles and the arena have been revived.

In the spiritual sphere we have a corresponding secondary type, which he calls 'religiosity,' a sort of soul sickness, where the weary spirit turns to Oriental cults as it did during the later period in Ancient Rome. In the sphere of politics we drift toward Caesarism. The Prussian ideal corresponds to that of the Roman Empire, which will prevail until we are overthrown by younger nations.

The parallels between our culture and that of the ancient world are carefully traced. Fundamentally these cultures are distinct, but they present completely analogous stages of development, which can be differentiated into shorter corresponding periods. Commanders, artists, and philosophers of the latter age have their prototypes in the former — like Socrates and Rousseau, Democritus and Voltaire, Alexander and Napoleon. Over and above this, a comparison shows that the intellectual movements of each age repeat themselves, with logical variations, in the other — Euclid and Gauss, Archimedes and Riemann, Faust and the Apolline legends. In these comparisons the Occident is considered as a unit. The distinction between Germanic and Romance culture is for the time being eliminated. But these recurrent phases in each culture are colored by the all-determining dif-

ference between the ancient and the Occidental mind. Greece conceives of the cosmos as complete and finished, consisting of corporeal entities measured by definite number, expressed in the plastic arts. The Occidental mind aspires for the remote, finds expression in constant effort, seeks to conquer endless space, represents itself in music, portraiture, history, and the mathematical theory of limits and functions. The Greek did not ponder on the future and the past. He lived carelessly in the present. The mind of the Occident thinks in terms of history, and invents mechanical time-pieces, 'visible symbols of the transitory, striking the hours by day and night from countless clock towers in every part of Western Europe; and constituting perhaps the most tremendous expression of a historical, universal sentiment which it has hitherto been possible to conceive.'

Innumerable examples of this kind are interpreted with such a wealth of suggestion, perspicuity, and vision, that an unprejudiced reader cannot fail to lay down the book with gratitude and stimulated thought. Perhaps he will also be deeply moved. And criticism? The new theory presents facts in a completely new light, and conversely these facts and illustrations serve in turn as supports for the whole theory. But prophecy is not combined with a strict observance of scientific method. The reader is often aware of a forced construction of facts, after the style of Hegel. Yes, even a fantastic, mystical interpretation of numbers, like that affected by the apocryphal writers of the old Jewish period. Spengler's book is the work of an artist. It is a poetic interpretation of world history, highly suggestive, arbitrary, and individual. To be read with profit it must be read with faith.

Let us turn back a moment. Spengler's object is to create a new philosophy of unprecedented value. His narrower purpose, however, is to analyze our present culture and the indications of its speedy death.

A wealth of original historical phenomena forms the background of his conception of the world. The historical ideal is its intellectual centre. The substance of history is things that occur but once—things which are never repeated, which are dictates of destiny, marked with the seal of mortality. The infinite variety of individual cultural facts cannot be systematized and rationally comprehended. It can only be apperceived and recognized. Throughout his work he constantly combats a mechanical conception of history and its causal explanation.

However, his laws of 'morphological relationships' and of 'homology' based upon generalization from definite experiences, are not consistent with this attitude—at least in the strict interpretation which Spengler insists upon. History does deal with incidents which occur but once and which cannot be specifically predicted; chance and imponderable influences have much to do with these. Spengler's theory is pervaded by a peculiar apocryphal metaphysics; a popular, almost superstitious, rationalism, upon which the possibility of his historical prognostication is based. Likewise the conception of original historical phenomena, or 'typical forms evolved by vital processes' is only of relative value. This term borrowed from Goethe, and one which is by no means a classical expression of the great poet's peculiar conception of the universe, is deceptive. It contains the idea of a definite pre-formed pattern, which requires nothing more for its corporeal realization than an empty period of time. All the

wealth of phenomena exists from the beginning; time, accident, circumstances, influence, evolution do nothing. This has been a fruitful but misleading hypothesis of many great philosophers. Kant presumed that had we sufficient insight into the mind and heart of a man, we could calculate his future with the same prevision as the orbit of a planet; Schopenhauer declared all education was useless; Spengler fancies that he can describe the future of great cultures for centuries in advance.

However, what will these objections amount to in face of the prodigal wealth of fact and incident in this book? It is an unexampled, masterful exhibition of a genius for concentration and summarization. From beginning to end it is vital and vigorous, and inspires a reader with the feelings he has when driving out to sea under full sail, or viewing from a mountain top the world in all its wealth and glory. His aesthetic analyses of music and lyric, the multitude of inter-relations he traces between religious, scientific, economic, and ethical problems, are so stimulating of thought,—they open so many new vistas to the intellect,—that the work is almost more valuable to the man who rejects its fundamental hypotheses, and denies the application of many of its citations, than it is for an uncritical disciple. In spite of all the points which may be raised against it, Spengler's book must be classed among the great masterpieces of the German intellect.

Admitting that Spengler's uncanny prophecy is true, what then? What practical consequence might we draw from it. Are we to contemplate the fall of our civilization passively? Indeed this demonic book, in spite of its vigor and youthful verve has almost the influence of a dangerous narcotic. This is partly due to the fact that it is

only half understood. Spengler fore-saw how deeply impressed many would be by his predictions. He evidently assumed that profounder thinkers would be intellectually immune to the depressing influence of his dark prophecies and that these might be helpful to the coming generation; 'if men of the coming generation are moved by the influence of this book to devote themselves to engineering instead of poetry, to seafaring instead of painting, to public life instead of metaphysics, they will be doing what I hope, and making the best choice in their power.'

But there is another possibility. The glance he gives them into the fearful visible abyss, which yawns directly in front of us, may inspire men to desperate resistance, to a despairing effort to escape the inevitable; just as Fichte in another dark and hopeless period of our history, sought to inspire to the utmost our moral vigor and faith in the future.

Neither assumption is quite logical. For either Spengler's doctrine is false and in that case our faith in the world is not in danger; or it is true and resistance is hopeless. If Spengler is right, and to the extent to which he may be right, we are not dealing with a sin to be expiated or with an error which might be avoided, but with the course of destiny. Nature is good and it is omnipotent. Spengler's conceptions are characterized by lofty faith. Herder gave a reply to the foolish fear which men cherish of annihilation, which might be applied to civilization.

When the torch of my life grows dim,
Though I may pray for much, I shall not pray to
be.

For what would that gift mean? Childhood?
Youth? Old age? I've known them all;
And gladly I drain the cup of Lethe to the dregs.
Like Decius I dedicate myself to the Gods,
With thanks profound; and with trust unbounded
I confide myself to rich, bounteous,
Life-giving, ever-rejuvenating nature.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), June 6]

A NEUTRAL VIEW OF IRELAND. I

BY A SWISS CORRESPONDENT

TRAVELING for four hours in an express train, at a rate we seldom see in Switzerland, we pass through the great plains which extend from Dublin to the south Irish coast. For another hour and a half we have the same level landscape, but here the loneliness suggests the Roman Campagna. To be sure, the herbage is brighter than on the arid flats of Central Italy, and indeed, there is a vigorous vegetation, and bright yellow blossoms dot the plains as far as the eye can see. But the practical farmer will view with little enthusiasm these stretches of un-tilled country. Beautiful cattle, and even more often fine horses, are pasturing in the meadows. For this is the land of great estates, and to that fact is due the inadequate cultivation of the soil. The owners are absentees. Most of them live in England, and find it profitable to work their land with a minimum of human labor. Seldom do you see a manor house surrounded with fine farm buildings; but there are many deserted peasant huts, falling into ruin, to testify to the declining population.

Now and then a round, sharp-pointed church tower appears in the horizon. Near by stands some curious Gothic church, quite out of harmony with its still more primitive campanile. A moment later we are viewing a quiet country hamlet, with a vaulted bridge over a stream, and ancient houses. Low hills appear in the horizon. Then villages become more numerous, and between the hedged

meadows one begins to see gardens and well-cultivated fields. The earth is dark and fertile.

Tipperary — a little town whose name has been sung the whole circumference of the world — lies an hour's distance from the railway. Was the song a reminiscence of the numerous marches English troops have made in Ireland to suppress evasive outbreaks? At least the station is now thronged again with soldiers in khaki. A half dozen stalwart constables in black uniforms, carrying rifles and bayonets, descend from the mail car, from which brand new boxes, labeled munitions and explosives, are unloaded. Two trucks are filled with this dangerous freight.

Now little settlements become more numerous. The land is somewhat better cultivated; but wide stretches of pasture, not relieved by even a single fruit tree, continue to interrupt the tilled fields. Every now and then we pass a gigantic racing park, with grand-stands and hurdles, indicating the passion of the people for this sport, and the strong hold horse-breeding has upon this country. More frequently, however, our attention is caught by the ruins of peasant cottages, or by inhabited cabins, white and tidy under their thatched roofs, but as tiny and cramped as the diminutive farms of their occupants.

We have to go back centuries in order fully to understand the reasons for this lamentable condition of agriculture in one of the most fertile parts of

Europe. Neither in the Middle Ages nor in the modern period have economic policies been shaped by sentiment. The English conquerors regarded Ireland as a convenient source of profit. In the sixteenth century the English wool manufacturers and traders insisted that Irish competition should be prevented by law and thus succeeded in destroying a promising industry. The property of natives who violated British laws was confiscated and granted to great English proprietors. Up to the present time the estates are largest in the vicinity of the first English settlements. The small farmers were able to maintain themselves a longer time in the interior, to which the conquest did not extend until later. After the English Reformation Ireland's loyalty to Catholicism afforded another excuse for continuing this policy. The Protestant landlords, who alone possessed political rights and were represented in the Parliament of Dublin, were to a much greater extent than their colleagues in England a landed nobility. They shrank from no measures to get possession of all the soil of Ireland. For eighty years of the eighteenth century, the so-called century of enlightenment, it was the law in Ireland that no Catholic could own land. The practical enslavement of the native population would have been an inevitable result of such laws, if it had been possible actually to enforce them. Moreover, the prosperity of the country was further undermined by the fact that most of the great landlords who drew their income from the island lived abroad, and spent their money in London and other English cities. Not only did the crops of Ireland go over seas to feed England, often leaving too little for the subsistence of the people who produced them, but the price which English consumers paid

for this produce was turned over as a tribute to the British government and English landlords.

When, early in the nineteenth century, the Parliamentary Union placed the direct responsibility for Ireland's welfare in the hands of the Westminster government, the English landlords saw their property rights threatened by the rapidly growing Irish peasantry. They had two ways of relieving the situation. They could either subdivide their large estates or introduce industries for which Ireland offered particular advantages. It was to the interest of England to have the land subdivided, because that would have rapidly increased agricultural production and have provided England with the food which its growing population required. However, the private interests of the landlords themselves prevented it. At the same time the growth of manufactures in Ireland was made impossible, if not by direct legislation, by equally effective financial measures; since the British banks in Ireland controlled the investment of capital in that country. England, which was becoming more and more industrialized, did not understand the real interests of its agricultural neighbor, even had it desired to promote them. The Irish delegation in Parliament could give no assistance. It was too small to have a determining influence upon the policy of a British cabinet, although its hundred votes might in certain crises extort minor concessions and more generous promises. The faster the population of England grew, the larger the export of Irish produce, and the more profitable the trade which this supported. Scarcely any of those profits went into the pockets of the Irish; rather the inevitable rise in prices made the export of provisions a curse for the landless farm hands of the island. By the end

of the 'forties the system had led to an inevitable catastrophe. This export trade, practically all to England, reached such an unwholesome height, that in spite of excellent crops Ireland suffered an unexampled food shortage. Hundreds of thousands are said to have died as a direct consequence.

As an immediate result of this economic collapse, emigration increased to a volume never previously experienced by any European country. The population of the island in 1840 was more than eight millions, and probably exceeded this considerably five years later. By 1851 it had but six and one half millions. During the next decade, although Ireland has one of the highest European birth rates, the population fell eight hundred thousand more. An unsuccessful revolt still further stimulated emigration, which at this time was going almost exclusively to the United States instead of the British colonies. At first England viewed this movement with some satisfaction, fancying that after the 'flight of the Celts' it could settle the country with its own people. This idea soon proved Utopian. Most of the excess population in England was immediately drafted into manufacturing. Those Englishmen who from love of adventure or taste for agriculture wished to leave their native country, showed a preference for America and other new lands, which afforded greater opportunities than the neighboring island with its cheap labor and hostile local population. The wave of emigration did not subside even after Belfast and northeastern Ireland became great industrial centres. Since that time the population has continuously declined; and to-day an area twice that of Switzerland supports only four and one half millions of people, but little more than half the number of inhabitants eighty years ago. When Ireland was

united with England the smaller island had the denser population. To-day that density is not one fourth what it is in the latter country. There is no European land which has had a similar experience. In every other country where the population has been even stationary — for there have been no appreciable declines — this condition has been due to a fall in the birth rate. But Ireland's birth rate is even to-day one of the highest in Europe, exceeded only by that of Holland, and it is still increasing. The Irish have also shown that they are a vigorous race in their new American home. The descendants of some five million six hundred thousand emigrants who have migrated from that country to the United States are estimated to number twenty millions.

A change for the better seemed to be promised in the 'eighties, when the English Liberals took over the government. They were ready to listen to the claims of the Irish middle class which had meantime arisen. The political fruit of this combination was the first Home Rule Bill, introduced by Gladstone. This did not bring about a solution of the Irish problem, but it induced the Irish Nationalists to commit themselves to legal agitation. They followed that policy consistently until the 'Ulster Rebels,' in 1914, turned agitation back into its earlier channels. The economic result of Gladstone's policy was the Irish land law which aimed, like the Russian land law of Stolypin, to subdivide the great estates into independent peasant holdings. A so-called 'Congested District Board' was entrusted with carrying out this mission. It was far less successful during its longer period of labor, than was Stolypin in the seven years during which he devoted his iron energy to agrarian reform in Russia. The reason for this moderate success

was not hard to discover. The bureaucracy at Dublin was frequently acting in good faith; but London obviously underestimated the importance of this work and failed to give it the energetic support which was required from the central government. Landlords were not compelled by law to sell, and were not even under economic compulsion to do so. They easily procured labor enough to cultivate their estates in the desultory way to which they were accustomed, and the demand for beef in the English market assured them good returns from grazing. During the war the work of the peasant allotments office practically ceased, at first, because the government was overwhelmed with other cares, and later because the increasing disorders throughout the country paralyzed its efforts. Thus the situation remains to-day.

Consequently Ireland, with eighty per cent of its population consisting of peasants, who, as the experience of America shows, are willing and capable workers, remains, on account of its great landed estates, even during the present world-wide food shortage, one of the poorest cultivated countries of Europe. It is no exaggeration to say that fifty thousand emigrants who have annually left the island year after year — for many migrate *via* England without appearing in the statistics — might have been kept in the country, if an opportunity had been given them to acquire farms. Agricultural production might be increased by settling the landless proletariat upon small holdings, though the latter are often too diminutive for profitable cultivation. Capital for carrying out the further subdivision of the estates could be found in Ireland itself. The savings of the Irish peasantry are estimated at a billion dollars. Much of this money is deposited in British banks, on terms that permit its immediate withdrawal.

The Irish peasants do not display much confidence in stocks and bonds. They want their money where they can get it readily, unless they have a chance to invest it in land and buildings. A few months ago the Irish themselves founded an agricultural bank, which will seek to solve the settlement problem in a more rational way than that contemplated by the Congested Districts Board. Its expert managers are men held in high regard in banking and agricultural circles, and there is a fair prospect that they will be able to get control of large quantities of land, now lying uncultivated, for the purpose they have in view. Certainly the outlook is not discouraging when we consider the remarkable success of the coöperative movement among the farmers, started under the auspices of Sir Horace Plunkett. The coöperative associations, together with the 'Irish Agricultural Organization Society,' had 117,484 members two years ago. They sold thirty million dollars' worth of dairy products, and their total dealings amounted to forty-six million dollars. A splendid exhibition which occurred at Dublin at that time gave gratifying evidence of the success of the educational work which this body had been conducting. It proved that wherever the peasants acquire title to the land, they are quick to adopt modern and scientific methods of cultivation. Only the future will tell whether they will have confidence in a banking institution, which their coöperative organization logically requires. This naturally depends more or less on how political events shape themselves.

Naturally the rise in prices during the war has benefited Ireland. At the same time the country enjoyed immunity from compulsory military service. Yet the English are greatly misled in supposing that the neighboring island is reveling in unprecedented wealth. A

large fraction of the profits from agriculture went into the pockets of English landlords, and the remainder were very unequally distributed in Ireland. The large savings deposits which we have just mentioned prove that the land-holding peasants in this country have done very well during the war, as they have in nearly every other part of Europe. However, the preponderant population of landless rural laborers has not only derived no advantage from these high prices, but has suffered from them. Pauperism has by no means disappeared. It is frightfully in evidence, not only in the poorer quarters of Dublin, but also in the country districts, where its witnesses are half-clothed, emaciated children. Perhaps, however, it is nowhere so obvious as in Cork itself, a harbor town which exports vast quantities of grain, wood, butter, cattle, and leather. These blessings of bountiful nature pass through without reaching many mouths that never have enough to eat.

The earlier disorders in Ireland nearly always had the character of agrarian revolts. It was almost inevitable that the present troubles should exhibit the same feature. The disturbances began in the western counties, from which the English constabulary has been withdrawn. Landless laborers and cottagers began cattle driving. They drove the cattle of the great land holders into the barns or into the mountains, and took possession of the land. The Sinn Fein leaders have taken vigorous measures to handle this situation, and apparently have shown much skill in dealing with it. Arbitration courts are in operation everywhere. They reject unfounded claims, and see that the landlords, who are forced to sell their land practically under compulsion, are adequately compensated. This is only a temporary palliative, since the decisions of the

Sinn Fein tribunals are naturally not recognized by the regular political authorities, unless they are confirmed by formal contracts. Even in that case a dissatisfied party might appeal later against the contract, on the ground that it was signed under duress. However, if the present situation continues a few months longer, it is quite possible that the country proletariat having succeeded in its first measures of self-help, will start a more extreme agitation than that endorsed by the patriotic and humane ideals of the real Sinn Fein leaders.

[*London Daily Telegraph* (Independent Conservative Daily), June 12]

LETTER TO BRITISH LABOR

BY N. LENIN

Moscow, May 30, 1920.

COMRADES: First of all permit me to thank you for sending your delegation with the object of acquainting itself with Soviet Russia. When your delegation proposed to me to dispatch through its intermediary a letter to the British workers, and perhaps also a proposal to the British government, I answered that I gratefully accept the first suggestion, but that to the government I must address myself not through the Labor delegation, but directly on behalf of our government, through Comrade Tchitcherin. We have in this way addressed ourselves many times to the British government with the most formal and solemn proposal to start peace negotiations. These proposals are still being made intermittently by Comrade Litvinoff and Comrade Krassin and all our other representatives. The British government consistently does not accept our proposals. It is, therefore, not surprising that with the delegation of British workers I should want to speak solely

as with a delegation of workers, and not in my capacity as a representative of the government of Soviet Russia, but in the capacity of an ordinary Communist.

I was not surprised to find that the viewpoint of some of the members of your delegation does not coincide with that of the working class, but coincides with the viewpoint of the bourgeoisie, the class of exploiters. This is because in all capitalist countries the imperialist war has again exposed the inveterate abscess, namely, the desertion of the majority of parliamentary and trade union leaders of the workers to the camp of the bourgeoisie. Under the oblique pretense of the 'defense of the country,' actually defending the spoliatory interests of one of the two groups of the world bandits, the Anglo-French-American or the German group, they entered into an alliance with the bourgeoisie against the revolutionary struggle of the proletariat; they covered up this treason with sentimental shopkeepers' reformist and pacifist phrases about peaceful evolution, about constitutional measures, about democracy, etc. This was the case in all countries. It is not surprising that this very tendency existing in England has found expression in the composition of your delegation.

Shaw and Guest, members of your delegation, were obviously surprised and hurt by my statement that England, notwithstanding our peace proposals, notwithstanding the declarations of her government, continues her intervention, is carrying on a war against us, helping Wrangel in the Crimea and the White Guards in Poland — and they asked me whether I have proofs to this effect, whether I can state how many trains with munitions were delivered by England to Poland, etc. I replied that for the purpose of getting access to the secret

agreements of the British government it is necessary to overthrow it by revolutionary means, and to lay hold of all documents of its foreign policy, as was done by us in 1917. Every educated person, everyone genuinely interested in politics, knew even before the revolution that the Tsar had secret treaties with the robber governments of England, France, the United States, Italy, and Japan, for the partition of booty about Constantinople, Galicia, Armenia, Syria, Mesopotamia, etc. Only liars and hypocrites (excepting, of course, quite ignorant and illiterate people) could deny this, or pretend not to know it. But without revolution we would never be able to get the secret documents of the robber governments of the capitalist class.

Those leaders or representatives of the British proletariat — whether they be parliamentarians, trade unionists, journalists, or other people — who pretend that they are ignorant of the existence of secret treaties of England, France, the United States, Italy, Japan, and Poland, for the plundering of other countries, for partition of booty, and who do not carry on a revolutionary struggle for the exposure of such treaties, show thereby needlessly once again that they are faithful servants of the capitalists. We knew this long ago. We are exposing this both here and in all other countries of the world. The visit to Russia of a delegation of British workers will accelerate the exposure of such leaders in England as well.

My above-mentioned interview with members of your delegation took place on May 26. A day later we received radios saying that Bonar Law conceded in the British Parliament that military help was rendered to Poland in October 'for the defense against Russia' (of course, only for defense, only in October! In England there are still 'in-

fluent labor leaders' helping the capitalists to deceive the workers!), while the periodical, the *New Statesman*, one of the most moderate of all moderates among middle-class newspapers or periodicals, wrote about the new tanks being shipped from England to Poland, more powerful than those used during the war against the Germans. Is it possible, then, not to laugh at those 'leaders' of the British workers who, with an air of hurt innocence, are asking what 'proofs' there are that England is making war on Russia and is helping Poland and the White Guards in the Crimea?

Members of the delegation have asked me what I think to be of greater importance, whether the formation in England of a consistent revolutionary Communist party or immediate help of the working masses in England to the cause of peace with Russia. I replied that the answer to this question depends upon the convictions of those who give the answer. Genuine partisans of the liberation of the workers from the yoke of capital cannot possibly oppose the foundation of a Communist party that alone is able to educate the working masses, not after the bourgeois and shopkeeper fashion, that alone is able actually to expose, deride, and disgrace 'leaders' who are capable of doubting whether England is helping Poland, etc. It need not be apprehended that there will be in England too many Communists, as even a small Communist party is not existent there. But if anyone persists still in intellectual slavery under the bourgeoisie, and continues to share the middle-class prejudices concerning 'democracy' (bourgeois democracy!), pacifism, etc., then, of course, such people could only injure the proletariat to an even greater extent should it occur to them to call themselves Communists and to join the Third International. Such people are

not capable of anything except the adoption of 'sweetened resolutions' against intervention, which are made up merely of shopkeepers' phrases.

In a certain respect these resolutions are useful, inasmuch as the 'old leaders' (the partisans of bourgeois democracy, peaceful methods, etc.), will make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the masses, exposing themselves the sooner the more resolutions they pass, which, being empty, and non-committal, are unattended by revolutionary action. To everyone his due. Let the Communists work directly through their party for the enlightenment of the revolutionary consciousness of the workers. Let those who supported the 'defense of the country' during the imperialistic war for the partition of the world, who supported the 'defense' of the secret treaty of English capitalists with the Tsar for the plundering of Turkey, let those who 'are ignorant' of the help to Poland and the White Guards in Russia rendered by Great Britain, let them quicker bring up to a ludicrous figure the number of their 'pacifist resolutions.' The sooner they will share the fate of Kerensky, the Mensheviks, and social revolutionists in Russia.

Some of the members of your delegation have asked me with surprise concerning Red Terror, about the lack of the freedom of the press, about the lack of freedom of assembly, about our persecution of Mensheviks and Menshevik workers, etc. I replied that the real culprits of the Terror are the imperialists of England and her 'allies,' who have been and are conducting White Terror in Finland and Hungary, in India and Ireland, who have been and are supporting Yudenich, Kolchak, Denikin, Pilsudski, and Wrangel. Our Red Terror is a defense of the working class against the exploiters; it is the suppression of the resistance of the exploiters with whom the social revolu-

tionists, the Mensheviks, and an insignificant number of Menshevik workers align themselves. The freedom of press and assembly in a bourgeois democracy is tantamount to the freedom of the well-to-do to plot against the working people. It means freedom of bribing and buying up newspapers by the capitalist. I have so often explained this in the press that it was not very entertaining to me to repeat myself.

However, two days after my interview with your delegates, the newspapers published a dispatch, saying, that in addition to the arrests of Monatte and Loriot in France, Sylvia Pankhurst has been arrested in England. This is the best answer of the British government to the question which the non-Communist 'leaders' of British workers, captivated by bourgeois prejudices, are even afraid to ask, namely, the question, 'Against which class is the Terror directed?' Whether against the oppressed and exploited, or against the oppressors and exploiters; whether it is a question of affording 'freedom' to the capitalist to plunder, defraud, stupefy the working people, or whether the working people are to be free from the yoke of capitalists, speculators, property holders. Comrade Sylvia Pankhurst is the representative of the interests of hundreds of millions of people who are oppressed by British and other capitalists, and it is on this account that she becomes an object of the White Terror, and is deprived of freedom. The same 'leaders' of workers who are conducting a non-Communist policy are 99 per cent representatives of the bourgeoisie, of its deceit, of its prejudices.

In conclusion, I once more thank you, comrades, for sending us your delegation. The fact of its getting acquainted with Soviet Russia, notwithstanding the hostility of many of them toward the Soviet system and the dic-

tatorship of the proletariat, notwithstanding the fact that it is to an extraordinary extent in the captivity of bourgeois prejudices, will unavoidably result in accelerating the failure of capitalism throughout the world.

[*La Vanguardia* (Barcelona Clerical and Financial Daily), June 5 and 12]

AN ATTEMPT TO INTERPRET RUSSIA. II

BY 'DEMONAX'

THE Rasputin scandal, though unknown to the mass of the Russian people, helped the propaganda abroad against the Tsar. Ugly comments increase with frequency in the higher social circles of Russia itself. Rasputin was not the only one who succeeded in winning the favor of the Tsarina. Many peculiar characters, who under ordinary conditions would have no standing at court, were received into the intimacy of Tsarskoe Selo. The French Secret Service made some singular discoveries. One day General Pau arrived in Petrograd on an official mission. After having received the usual courtesies from the Tsar and the Minister of War, General Pau left for Varanovich, where the general headquarters were. After his formal reception was over, he closeted himself in secret — very much in secret — with Archduke Nicholas Nicholaievich. 'Examine this,' he said, laying a heavy leather document case on the table.

The Archduke looked over the papers it contained with much agitation. They held proof, gathered by the French Secret Service in Berlin, of the treachery of Colonel Mesajedov, who enjoyed the confidence of the court and of the general staff. Some recent setbacks of the Russians which the Commander-in-Chief had been unable to understand, were suddenly ex-

plained by this appalling disclosure. Without losing a moment the Grand Duke dispatched a special train to Petrograd, with men whom he could absolutely rely on, and positive orders for their guidance. An hour after their arrival, without the government or the police of Petrograd being aware of the fact, Colonel Mesajedov and his accomplices were speeding back to Varanovich on the same train.

Mesajedov, a colonel of the gendarmes attached to the general staff of the Third army as an interpreter, was a protégé of General Suchumlinof, Minister of War. The latter's wife and the Colonel's wife, who were Jewesses from Vilna, were sisters. Suchumlinof's wife had worked her way into the favor of the Tsarina. She was charged with exercising a pernicious influence on several occasions. She interfered with the promotion of officials, with the food regulations, and with munitions contracts. Knowing her relations with Prussia, since both sisters lived in Königsberg prior to their marriage, General Pau, who was familiar with the whole situation, had considered it imperative to avoid any association with the Imperial Court and Minister of War, beyond that required by official courtesy, and to deal directly with Archduke Nicholas, who is a man above suspicion. The matter was dispatched with the utmost promptness. All the public learned was in the official bulletin of the General Headquarters, where there was a brief announcement to the fact that Mesajedov and his accomplices, who were all Jews, had been summarily executed, and that Cecilia Mesajedov had been condemned to permanent exile in Siberia. General Suchumlinof, who had been promoted to Minister of War by a caprice of fate, was an insignificant person. His wife ruled him absolutely. Through her, he was made the tool of a clique of Israel-

ite adventurers, whose only conception of honor was money, and of patriotism was a good business deal. The press organ of the Ministry of War was the Russian *Bourse Gazette*, whose founder, himself a Jew, was shot by the Bolsheviks in 1917.

The Russian army fought like heroes, with one rifle for every four men. Their artillery ammunition was sometimes of different calibre from their guns. Bread was scarce in the trenches at a time when the granaries were overflowing with wheat. The civil service was seething with discontent. Common soldiers were dying by tens of thousands with stoic resignation. The government and the Duma did not know whither to turn. In the midst of this crisis, which did not involve the slightest weakening of the nation's purpose, a group of honorable and patriotic men assumed the direction of the national movement. An 'Alliance of the Zemtsovs of all Russia,' organized originally to aid the Red Cross and establish relief stations along the route taken by the refugees from the invaded eastern provinces, suddenly converted itself into a committee of public safety, for the purpose of supplying independently what the army needed, and of saving the Fatherland in the hour of disaster. This Zemtsovo Alliance, with its headquarters at Moscow, and presided over by Prince Lvof, was during these critical months the real government of Russia. The Zemtsovo Alliance went over the head of the War Office and dealt directly with the Imperial headquarters at Mohilef. It mobilized Russian industries, and controlled the contracts for munitions placed in Japan and the United States.

Petrograd remained the diplomatic and bureaucratic capital, but the soul of the nation was centred in Moscow. Prince Lvof, president of the Zemtsovs,

and General Alexieief, directed the national defense. In their hands rested the salvation of the country. They reconstructed the army, strengthened its morale, supplied it with the necessities of war. They drew the line beyond which the Germans and Austrians were not to pass. They conducted the offensives on the southwest front in 1915 and 1916, and very probably the Central Empires would have suffered a fatal setback in 1917 if matters had moved in the way the general staff and the Zemtsovo Alliance intended. Neither at Mohilef nor at Moscow did they play politics. The men at those points worked solely for the army and for victory, with a unity of action and self-devotion which the other allies might well have imitated. At Petrograd antechamber intrigues were rife, and the Imperial Duma, rent with partisan debates, was a nursery of anti-patriotic agitation and petty personal ambitions. The diplomats of France, England, and Italy dictated their dispatches on a basis of the shallow, superficial gossip of the political capital. People lost themselves in a wild round of heedless social pleasures. Luxurious banquets, tangoes, and fox-trots made them forget the stern reality of war. Bureaucrats of unknown antecedents acquired posts of influence. Sturmer, president of the Council, had for his confidant and friend a Jew by the name of Mamirof, who was later convicted of scandalous dishonesty in public contracts. In the Tsarina's circle, another leading Minister, Protopopoff, busied himself organizing spiritualist *séances*. Rasputin's sinister figure dominated at Tsarskoe Selo. Foreign diplomats casually noted these incidents between their bridge parties, and dispatched alarming notes to their governments, prophesying the imminent defection of Russia. They were in complete ignorance of the fact that

after the retreat of 1915 the army had been immeasurably improved; that it was now well supplied, and that almost continuous trains were constantly speeding across Siberia feeding it day and night with men and materials.

Meantime, the real revolutionists scattered throughout Europe, believed they could not accomplish their object unless the Russian army were completely defeated. Such a defeat seemed less and less probable. The Constitutional Democrats or 'Cadets' of the Duma joined the group of Radicals parties still further to the left, in a conspiracy against the government, although not directly against the Tsar. English Liberals and French Radicals encouraged them. The *Retch*, the press organ of the Cadets, was also the mouthpiece of a German-Jewish group, which regularly subsidized that paper. Petrograd was the breeding place of shifted deals, shady plots, petty espionage, underhand betrayals, senseless prodigality, and irresponsible self-indulgence; while in Mohilef, Tsar Nicholas II lived the life of an anchorite. From nine until nine-thirty in the morning General Alexieief conferred with him upon the situation; the rest of the day the Tsar usually spent quietly in the company of his son, without official formality or special luxuries of any kind. General Alexieief and the headquarters' staff directed field operations; they labored with incomparable devotion, confidence, and enthusiasm. The writer of these lines saw all of this firsthand. He also saw the Grand Headquarters of Austro-Hungary at Teschen, where a mob of over-dressed courtiers devoted themselves to a life of pleasure; where they gambled, guzzled, and gourmandized in company with the fairest and frailest women of Budapest and Vienna. At Mohilef I saw no parasites, no slacker busybodies. A company of raw re-

eruits and a detachment of Cossacks were the only guard. The city retained the tranquil aspect of a provincial town. There was no superfluous social life. The Tsar gave an example of austerity and simplicity. The Ministry of War at Petrograd, with its army of apathetic clerks, was a dim, distant thing in the far horizon; the useless, inefficient bureaucracy, that plague of the Russian nation, against which poor and rich alike were constantly protesting, was half-forgotten. The real spirit of the nation had taken refuge in ancient Moscow and in monotonous little Mohilef. Russia was the only allied country which was occupying enemy territory. It held Bukowina and Tarnopol in Europe; Van, Erzernum, Erzingan, and Trebizond in Anatolia. Sivas would soon have fallen, thus opening a road across Asia to Constantinople for the hosts of Grand Duke Nicholas. But the French and English diplomats in Petrograd, whose attention was entirely occupied with charity bazaars and with tea parties at the Hotel Astoria, and who sedulously cultivated their ignorance in the false atmosphere created by a hireling press and a clique of suborned politicians, whose only ambition was to make money out of their posts, thought that they were rendering a great service to Europe and civilization, by taking under their protection the parliamentary shouters of 1917, who were destined irretrievably to destroy the Russian Empire.

When the Russian Revolution broke out in 1917, Baron Von Romberg, Minister Plenipotentiary of Germany at Berne, was instructed by his government to assist in the immediate repatriation of the Russian Radicals domiciled in Switzerland. Berlin knew that England would make it difficult for certain of these exiles to return to their country *via* Newcastle and Bergen. Its

shrewd schemers detected here an opportunity to establish contact with certain disorderly elements, who would be able to aggravate the tendencies to anarchy which, as a result of the revolution, already prevailed in Russia. Baron Von Romberg needed an intermediary, and for this purpose interviewed Robert Grimm, head of the Swiss Socialist party, whose wife was a former Russian student. It happened, however, that Grimm had but few acquaintances among the Russian revolutionists in Switzerland. But among these was a certain Vladimir Ilitch Ulianof, who was known among his compatriots and revolutionary associates as 'Lenin.' These Russian exiles were accustomed to gather at Bubenbergplatz, in Berne, about midday, for the purpose of picking up the latest news and exchanging opinions. One of them said to me personally, as I was passing through the Square one day: 'Can you tell me who this Lenin is?' 'I never heard the name in my life.' 'Well, the fact is,' added this gentleman, 'that when I went to the German Consulate to ask for a passport through Germany they told me: "Arrange the matter with Lenin"; and I have been hunting for Lenin everywhere without finding anyone that could tell me who he is.'

A journalist friend to whom I related what had just occurred said to me: 'Lenin? Vladimir Ilitch, I know him well. His real name is Ulianof. He is a Kalmuck. A Zimmerwaldian. He is a man suspected by his comrades. He had to flee first from Geneva, then from Saint Legier to Vevey, lest his fellow revolutionists play him a bad turn. He has taken the alias of Lenin since 1905, when he was a member of a group of expropriators, and at the same time was secretly in the service of the Russian political police — the Okhrana. At that time he escaped

by a miracle the sentence which the Revolutionary Committee had passed upon him. In the course of time his treachery was forgotten, like that of so many others; and Ulianof came to live the thing down in Berne.'

The use of aliases had become very common among these Russian exiles for two principal reasons: to conceal the Jewish blood of their owners, and to enable them to lead double lives so that they might serve at the same time both God and the devil. Not a few of these revolutionists of the new school dabbled simultaneously with the service of the Tsar and the propaganda of Socialist doctrines. Provocatory agents like Azef, who obtained such celebrity as a result of Burtzeff revelations, were very common figures. Ulianof-Lenin made a living as best he could. That was the first problem he had to solve, cost what it might. In the Socialist nurseries of Switzerland money was not an abundant article. A man who procured it by any device first used it for his personal needs. The secret agents of the Tsar recruited their forces in these lodges of demagogues. So our present character was known as Lenin among his comrades, but as W. J. Ulianof when he rendered reports to the Information Bureau of the Russian Legation in Berne, for which he received a monthly salary. His particular duties were to identify individuals who went from Switzerland to Russia under false passports. When Lenin began to become famous in 1917, the newspapers of Geneva, who were thoroughly familiar with the facts, published them in full. Many were the Russian Socialists who were arrested at the frontier as a result of the information Lenin supplied his government, and who as a consequence finished their days on the scaffold or in exile.

Robert Grimm, a German natural-

ized in Switzerland, struck up an acquaintance with Lenin. The latter's mistress, a certain Kolanta, a little Russian girl from the poorer quarters of Geneva, was an intimate friend of Rosalie Grimm, who before taking this name had been divorced from her first husband, a Jew, named Rosenfeld, from Odessa. Mrs. Grimm and Kolanta were of course Jewesses. Lenin wrote irregularly and without exciting much attention in the *Tagwacht* of Berne, a newspaper supported through Grimm. The latter hit upon his accommodating associate, a man ready to fit into any situation, as the person to do his work. So he introduced him to Baron Von Romberg, recommending this Vladimir Ilitch as a man of great authority and influence among the Russian revolutionists. Grimm thus imposed a certain part upon Lenin which he was forced to play. From that moment the German Legation ceased to deal further with the matter, and negotiations were continued directly between the government at Berlin and the Swiss-Russian group at Berne. These were the tactics regularly pursued by that Legation in any matter not associated immediately with its diplomatic functions. Von Romberg turned over such matters to the Counselor of the Legation, Bethmann-Hollweg. The latter set them going, and when they were once going the Legation disengaged itself of all connection with them.

Grimm and Lenin transacted their business at the Schoot Restaurant in Amthausgasse, Berne, where they met the special agents from Wilhelmstrasse. Grimm was aided by Vogel and Karl Moor, who were editors of the *Tagwacht*, and by Platten, a member of the Swiss Parliament, who was a naturalized German. Only one Russian figured in these interviews. It was Ulianof-Lenin, who for reasons easy to understand, wanted to monopo-

lize his end of the business. As recently as March, 1917, Lenin was living in extreme poverty. He lodged in a hovel, and bought his meals for sixty centimes a day at 'an economic kitchen' in Langgasse, which was supported by bourgeois Russians. The Russian Legation, dissatisfied with his services, and knowing that he was playing double, had cut off his salary, at the end of 1916. So at this time Lenin's only income was the irregular pay he got from his articles in *Tagwacht*. Suddenly the whole situation changed. He drank and dined liberally at the Schoot Restaurant. He appeared in a fine overcoat, bought a wrist watch, and gave himself the airs of an important personage. He was a frequent visitor at the Schanzli Casino. He went about in a taxi. Kolanta ordered costumes from one of the principal modistes of Berne, whose 'receiving lady' was a ruined Russian princess. You would have supposed that she had won a 'grand prize' at the Socialists' table at Schoot's. Lenin, thus suddenly enriched as by a miracle, dispensed alms to his fellow exiles to Russia, who were hereafter to constitute his following.

However, Grimm attached no more importance to the man than he merited. Lenin was merely to be an instrument — a tool. However, in this man of medium intelligence and superficial culture — one of the semi-intellectuals who sprout so plentifully in the university world — were latent the astuteness and rapacity of a Tartar. His little eyes, partly veiled by their half-open lids, never look you straight in the face. He is a perfect specimen of a Kalmuck of the Astrakhan steppes. He is a coward, a thorough coward, like a jackal — one who only attacks when sure of his prey. They are absolutely fools who describe him as an idealist, as a dreamer, as an Utopian. Like the rest of the Russian agitators of his own

type, he employs the dogmas of Marx for his personal profit and private convenience. Speaking of Marx once in casual conversation, he said: 'It would be a disaster for my theories if the Russians should start out to apply them.' These Bolshevik adventurers adopted Marxism as a war measure. It suited their purpose to use it as a label for their movement. In reality most of them are profoundly ignorant in matters of practical social science.

So Lenin was a tool in the hands of Grimm and his associates, just as he is now in the hands of the Moscow Soviet. It was necessary to place a Russian at the head of the latter Jewish camarilla; but there was no Russian who could be moulded to that purpose. Lenin is not a Russian, but neither is he a Jew. That was enough. The Bolsheviks have spread reports abroad for the purpose of making the Soviet seem truly Russian, that Lenin belongs to the ancient nobility of that country. One western writer has discovered in Lenin 'the most sublime expression of the Slav soul.' Recent reports from honest journalists who have gone to Moscow to see and hear what the Soviets let them see and hear, are representing Chicherin also as a Russian of noble lineage, a dreamer — all Russians are dreamers! — as sweet, suave, well-intentioned, a sort of apostle transformed into a diplomat. But Chicherin is just a Jew, like the other members of the Soviet with the exception of Lenin. He is a Jew who masked himself with the alias of Chicherin, which sounded well because it is the real name of a distinguished Russian professor.

Let's go back now to the meetings in Schoot's Restaurant, from which, to quote one of the special agents sent from Berlin, was to emerge in a world peace. The government, headed by Prince Lvof, remained faithful to

Russia's alliances, advocated continuation of war, was hostile to all negotiations with Germany. So by reaching an agreement with the Bolsheviks, Germany was playing a double diplomatic and strategic game. Either Russia would be submerged in chaos or the Russian revolutionaries would fight side by side with the Germans. In either case what doubt was there of German victory? The negotiations between the Germans and Bolsheviks in Berne were closely associated with the peace offensives started at the same time. When the first expedition of Russian revolutionists, guided by Vogel, left Basle for Russia *via* Berlin, the Russian officials in Berne celebrated the incident as if they had won a battle. Lenin himself, accompanied by Robert Grimm, left with the second expedition. The cars of the Russian train as soon as they crossed the border between Switzerland and Germany, at Leopoldhoe, were locked and sealed like carloads of merchandise; and the passengers were not allowed out of them until they reached Sassnitz, whence they were to embark for Sweden. However, Grimm and Lenin themselves were not locked in the compartment in which they traveled. The two associates went about freely in Berlin, and in the Stettin railway station restaurant they held a long conference with an attorney of the Mendelsohn Bank, and with the Reichstag members, Scheidemann and Erzberger.

[*Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily), June 20]

BULGARIA'S FUTURE

AN INTERVIEW WITH PREMIER STAMBOLISKY

ALEXANDER STAMBOLISKY, the political dictator whose Draconic severity is maintaining model order in Bulgaria, himself invited me to an inter-

view before I left Sofia. When I reached Parliament House at the appointed hour I learned that he was just then making a speech, and was invited to listen from one of the boxes. This gave me an opportunity to witness a violent debate. Stambolisky is a man of the people, born in a little country village; none the less he stigmatized the forty-four Communist deputies whom the workers and peasants had sent to Parliament, and who constitute the real Radical ring in that body, 'delegates of the bandits who are attacking travelers and pedestrians on our streets at night, and who when captured could give no other occupation than "Communists.'" A storm of indignation and protest followed, which drowned even the ringing voice of the Premier; but this was itself overtopped by the stormy applause of the one hundred and nine Peasants' Alliance men, every one of whom was in his seat. Indeed the composition of the present Bulgarian Parliament presents an odd picture. In vivid contrast with the city clothing of the survivors of the old Parliament, one sees only peasant garb. Tsar Ferdinand's picture has been removed from the hall.

When Stambolisky had left the Minister's bench, which was occupied entirely by Peasants' Alliance men, I had great difficulty in reaching his office. The anteroom was crowded with peasant deputations, who come on the most trifling missions, by generals and high officers — for Stambolisky is Minister of War — and by representatives of commercial bodies, which are suffering great inconvenience from the new laws and regulations. I was the only one admitted to his private office. Two minutes later the gigantic young Premier — he is forty-two years old — burst into the room, wiping the perspiration from his brow and florid face and moist hair. Seizing my hand with

crushing pressure he asked me to sit down.

'Since 1912,' he began, 'I have not seen you. Think what has happened. I was then under life sentence for *lèse majesté* against Tsar Ferdinand, and actually served three years of that term. It was really a good thing for me — though that may seem almost humorous — to have a rest from political life and party controversies. I had time to think over the ideas I had cherished from my early youth. While in prison I wrote twenty-two pamphlets, of which twelve have been published. Even in confinement I found opportunity to keep in touch with the Bulgarian people and to help fight Communism. We had a railway strike in Bulgaria, and you people in Vienna probably don't know what I did to fight that strike. I can only tell you that it was a conflict that will be remembered here for many years, and will not be repeated, because we organized and armed the farmers. There need be no fear of Bolshevism in Bulgaria so long as I am at the helm.

'But we have another great source of trouble. The thing that embitters the people most is the Thracian question, which was finally settled at San Remo against us. You must have seen the horde of fugitives, famished and half-naked, who have fled to us from Thrace. In spite of the promises made us by the Entente our exit to the Ægean Sea has been cut off. We have no faith in any guaranty which may be given us for an outlet across Greek territory. No one who knows the Greeks as well as we do will have any faith in that arrangement, and so long as we are deprived of this indispensable sea outlet, the Bulgarian people will be in a constant state of agitation. They will cherish an inextinguishable determination to have this right, and will bide

their time for a favorable opportunity to enforce it by arms.

'We have not lost faith in the future. Quite the contrary. We shall endeavor to take to heart the lessons we have learned from our unhappy past, but we shall stick to the path dictated by our own aspirations. Just at present we are chiefly occupied with restoring the authority of the government and getting the people back to peaceful pursuits. The laws we propose to enact introducing compulsory labor and extending coöperative enterprises, have for their purpose increasing the production of the Bulgarian people. We can guarantee that these laws will go into effect, because Bulgaria is to-day completely in the hands of the organized peasants. The National Agricultural Union, which now rules the country and to which all members of the Cabinet belong, has an absolute majority both in Parliament and in the local governments. Furthermore, the present ruler of Bulgaria is offering no resistance to the Cabinet. Boris III is trying to rule as the real constitutional monarch; to serve the best interests of his country, but at the same time not to interfere with the administration. This is why there is no political opposition to him from any source. A Cabinet formed under such favorable auspices has good ground for hoping to heal the wounds which the war inflicted on our government and people.

'We still trust in the ultimate honor and justice of the Great Powers. When the atmosphere of hatred is dissipated — and we already see a beginning of this — those powers will appreciate the fact that the most important and oppressive clauses of the Peace Treaty must be revised. I am myself convinced that Greece cannot retain its control over the territories which the Entente, without sufficient understanding of the situation, has assigned

it unless it makes an amicable arrangement with Bulgaria.

'I intend to put through two other very important measures in the immediate future. All the large agricultural estates in the kingdom will be expropriated by the government for an adequate compensation, and we shall settle on them the refugees from Thrace, Macedonia, and Dobrudja. In the second place, we shall enact a law to provide the government with the public buildings it requires, authorizing us to seize any private house which serves solely as a residence for the owner. These houses will all be expropriated and paid for gradually.'

Hereupon Stambolisky began to interrogate me. Bulgaria is almost hermetically sealed against the outer world by the Entente, and even the Prime Minister himself is only ill-informed regarding conditions in the rest of Europe. He expressed great sympathy for the acute distress in Austria and particularly in Vienna. Striking his hands together he fairly shouted: 'We've got eggs and grain a-plenty. We have so much Indian corn that it is rotting in the villages because the peasants have no place to store it. We've got an abundant harvest coming, possibly the largest in our history. We need means to transport it, and free use of the Danube. Give us that and we can furnish Vienna what it wants cheap.' Stambolisky asked many questions about the principal men in Austria, showing particular interest in the extent to which the peasantry is exerting an influence upon our government.

After an interview of almost two hours, Stambolisky dismissed me with wishes for a pleasant journey. When I left the peasant delegates were still waiting for a chance to see him. Bulgaria has an abundance of the necessities of life. There are still five million kilogrammes of tobacco stored in the

country. Huge quantities of silk cocoons and of hides will soon be available. Its army is spendidly disciplined. Peace prevails throughout the land, and there is no prospect of serious domestic disorder. Bulgaria lost the war, but its people manifest absolute faith in the future of their country.

[*The Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Pro-French Liberal Daily), June 5]

ITALY'S RED METROPOLIS

BY MARIO PASSARGE

BOLOGNA, June.

WHEN the train finally emerges from the long dark tunnels of the Apennines, and brings its passengers from the premature midsummer heat of an early June day to the cool tableland at Parachia, I have a vivid impression of being back again in the bracing spring atmosphere of the Tyrol. At this point we change locomotives and then speed downward through other tunnels to the plains below. Already we catch glimpses of the city which is our destination, framed in the boundless green of its surrounding fields and meadows. For more than a thousand years Bologna has been famous for its juristic studies. Its university was the first to include anatomy in its courses. Our guidebook tells us that a woman held a professorship here as early as the fourteenth century. The city is still a city of learning; but its most popular courses are not now given by its university, or taught in its historic edifices. Bologna is the Red city of Italy, the centre of Socialist power and agitation; its people and those of the surrounding country are overwhelmingly Socialist. Its mayor is a Socialist, its aldermen are Socialists, and even its middle class citizens, though they belong nominally to other parties, are

more or less touched with the spirit of Socialism.

Rome is to-day a city of haste and hurry, where art galleries and art enthusiasts seem lonely and out of place. The museums that were once the centre of interest in the city of the seven hills have been almost forgotten; and the people seem as if in mourning over a lost past, and despairing in face of a desperate future. But Bologna, the Red city, is a hive of business, full of people inspired with the joy of living and the passions of the day. They eat heartily, sleep well, drink deep, and perform their tasks as they did before the war. They have gone as far with socialization as it is possible to go to-day under a non-socialist government. None the less the shops invite their customers with richer and more attractive show window displays than in any other great city of Italy. Graceful automobiles glide by; the theatres are going full blast; wealth displays itself everywhere; poverty keeps out of sight. In this Red city a visitor breathes a deep breath of relief and refreshment after the depressing atmosphere of the cities which are not Red. No one denies that Bologna has the best municipal administration in Italy. One street has been christened Spartacus Street, and at the tram station which terminates there, stands a guidepost marked *Spartaco*. What more? There is no Terror, as is sometimes alleged. The People's Theatre plays for the proletariat. There are public restaurants, which bring their provisions with their own chartered ships from distant parts of the world, eliminating the profits of middleman and profiteer. One gets as good a meal for seven lire there as for ten or twelve lire elsewhere.

In the wine shops workingmen sit with jolly faces behind ranks of bottles, and mine host is as rotund and chubby

as the jovial tavern keepers of tradition. It seems ages since we saw such sights in other Italian towns.

However, the country is in a ferment, and the controversies between the peasants and the land owners are so bitter that there is little hope of compromise. First the peasants organized, then the landlords imitated their example. But the organized peasants refused to deal with the organized proprietors. They realize their power, and are determined to break up the association formed by their opponents. Crops are not harvested and cattle are dying. I discussed this serious situation with one of the Socialist leaders. He was seriously concerned. The Socialists had organized this powerful society of men of the plough and sickle, but found it difficult to guide that society's policy. The peasants are to own the land. That is universally agreed. But the idea that the peasant is to work for the community under Socialist régime, just as the factory operative has to work for the community, presents itself to these humble countrymen as a return to compulsory feudal service. So there is plenty of tinder to start a big blaze. I am told that no one wants an explosion. People here do not confound the colors of flame and blood with the colors of roses. The leaders keep telling me: 'These men of the masses do not know what they want to do, and they do not know what they are doing.' Claudio Tréves, the Socialist delegate to Parliament whose name is so identified with this city, recently said in an address before that body: 'You bourgeoisie are no longer competent to run the government; we Socialists know that our rank and file are not yet competent to take the task from your hands. That is the tragedy.'

In the show windows of the stationers' shops I noticed, as I walked along

in conversation with some friends, postal cards with pictures of Bologna as it appeared in the days of Frederick II—a much smaller city surrounded by walls, and castellated with the innumerable towers of rival patrician leaders, each of whom aspired to build higher than his neighbors. It gave the impression of a city filled with huge furnace stacks, with their chimneys rising up to the heavens; and called our minds back to the present. Workers live here; and they work industriously that they may live well; therein lies the present strength and the future hope of Bologna.

[*Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* (Liberal Daily), June 10]

MEMORIES OF MEXICO

BY HANS LAMBERG

MEXICO is a land of irreconcilable contrasts. Periods of wild anarchy follow immediately on the heels of periods of absolute dictatorship, and the reverse. For three centuries Mexico was possibly the most unprogressively governed country in the world, the most absolutely under the control of the Church. Then suddenly it adopted a form of government more hostile to the Church than that perhaps of any other land.

The struggle between Church and State began as soon as Miguel Hidalgo, a priest of the Dolores, proclaimed the independence of his country from Spain in 1810. For forty years thereafter a bitter struggle between the Liberals and Clericals continued to distract the unhappy country, until the Indian leader, Benito Juárez promulgated in 1857 his famous Reform Laws. These laws attacked the power of the Church at the roots. It seemed a reckless course to those who realized how intimately Mexican society had be-

come interwoven with the Catholic Church during three centuries of Spanish dominion. In fact these laws were the signal for one of the bloodiest revolutions which ever afflicted that war-plagued nation.

Archbishop Labastida of Mexico appealed to Napoleon III for aid. The French invasion followed, and an Austrian Archduke ascended the throne of the Montezumas as Emperor Maximilian. A few years later the echo of rifle shots at Querétaro marked the final overthrow of the Imperial and Clerical party, and the complete victory of Juárez. He was no man of half measures. He put his Reform Laws into effect ruthlessly. This iron resolution never deviated an iota from its purpose. All church property was confiscated. All monasteries and convents were dissolved. The oath in the name of God was displaced by a formal affirmation. The zeal, to say nothing of the thirst for vengeance, which inspired the victors went so far as to forbid all public church processions, and clergymen were not even permitted to appear upon the streets in their clerical garb. Only men of unquestioned anti-clerical beliefs were permitted to enter the public service. But time ultimately softened the asperity of these measures. Old Juárez died, and his successor, Porfirio Diaz, disliked extreme measures. Still, even to-day you encounter frequent traces of the old bitter enmity to the Church.

Many church buildings were deserted after the Reformed Laws went into operation, or else were arbitrarily seized by private individuals. A fine ancient church, in old Spanish style, towers above a great square in the capital; but high over its campanile, blowing hither and thither like a weather-vane, waves an enormous broom. A broom dealer has established himself in the building. His signs cover the

walls; brooms and brushes of every kind hang in the windows. Another little church in one of the main streets of the city was chosen by a green grocer as a place of business.

One of the largest church edifices in Mexico used to be the Sanctuary of San Pablo. It was an ancient structure erected in the days of the Conquest. I recall that I was unaware that this beautiful old church was not serving its original use, and entered through the high portal, adorned with statues of the saints. A loud whinnying of horses met my ears. The pavement had been torn up and grass and weeds filled the interior. The bright sun of the tropics was shining through the lofty vacant windows, long since bereft of their colored glass. The altar lay in ruins. In the niches mangers had been built, where horses were feeding. A municipal fire station had been established in the building.

No incident of this kind made so deep an impression upon me, however,—though it happened twenty years ago,—as my visit to the Desierto cloister. Four hundred years ago the magnificent virgin forests of cedars and cypresses which clothed the mountains surrounding Mexico awoke the admiration of its foreign conquerors. Trails pierce this forest in all directions far into the endless solitude of the tropics. The only sound that breaks the silence is the chirp of birds. One of these forest trails rapidly sinks into a great valley where a charming view abruptly opens to the eyes. In a wide basin at the bottom, almost completely enclosed by high precipices, are the mossy ruins of an extensive cloister. The stillness of death prevails, broken only by some bird crying from

the green peaks above. Truly the monks who in their day sought refuge here must have found indeed the peace they sought.

To-day, however, no 'brother porter' asks the stranger whence he comes and what he wishes. A broad gap in the cloister walls affords admission to the inner court. Even yet traces of bright frescoes, representing scenes from the Crusades, are visible on the walls of the arcades which at one time sheltered the pious Fathers from the glare of the tropical sun. Now, however, these frescoes lie in the full blaze of its brilliance; for the roofs have long since fallen. The dense vegetation has even invaded the cloister cells. Squirrels and chipmunks dart away under the rubbish that cover their floors. The lofty remnants of a church rise high above the lower surrounding ruins. Little birds nest in the crevices of its walls. A sunflower nods its golden disks over the ruins of the high altar.

How much irreplaceable beauty—the creation of old Spanish culture—fell victim to the excessive zeal of these iconoclasts! In one of the best-preserved cells of the cloister lies a visitors' book, where Mexicans described in more or less brilliant sentences their impressions. Most all their comments are inspired by the ultra liberal hatred of the Church which is now the fashion. Seldom does one detect the slightest comprehension of the great civilizing work which Spanish monks and missionaries performed in the new world. Most of the visitors intoxicate themselves with sonorous, senseless, Spanish phrases, falling into the common error of men who fancy that fair words imply fine thoughts.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

JAZZ

THE other night I happened to be a guest at a pleasant suburban house just across the street from a pleasant suburban church. It was one of your modern churches, a little Gothic affair of gray stone with an adjoining parish hall built of stucco. There must be thousands of just such churches and parish houses scattered over these states. One associates them with the guardianship of what honor and decency there is left in these extraordinary times. Well, just as we had risen from dinner, just as the last of the evening glow was fading, there burst from the lighted windows of the parish hall a sound much more indicative of Hell than of Heaven. Screams, moans, crashes, blows, cowbells, and tin pans fought desperately with each other, something like a tugboat siren cried ghastily at the night, and a booming bass drum carried one's mind to the kraals of Africa. 'A social evening for the young folk,' said someone indulgently, 'it helps to keep the young people in the church.'

Now I am not going to raise my hands in pious horror at jazz music. Such music is the order of this barbarian day, and the minority can do little but endure. I cannot say that I admire it myself, for the truth is that my soul loathes it, yet when I find myself in the centre of a jazz corroboree, I listen with no bored, snobbish *insouciance*, but with what I imagine to be serene toleration. I can even derive imaginative satisfaction from it. Let me but close my eyes, and there

surges up before the inner eye, a tropical African glade at night, the queer trees all lit from below by the light of a leaping fire of dead, swiftly-consuming wood, a circle of cannibal forms, a great black pot, not hanging from a bar but with the fire built up round it, and in the background, the Reverend Eusebius Dogood, late of the New Bedford Missionary League. Being of a dramatic and merciful turn of mind, I like to finish the picture in the style of the genuine old Drury Lane school, and bring on a cutter's crew of daring man-o'-war's men, who rescue Mr. Dogood from the fatal pot, and parry the noxious anthropophagi back to their jungles. It is with a start that I open my eyes on a hall full of dancers. The forest vision is much more real, and, in some subtle way, more refined.

Nor shall my quarrel be with the church for associating itself with such a degradation of art. The church is a hard-pressed institution these days; foes of all kinds swarm over her battlements, and she must make some concessions to the spirit of the times, barbarian though they be. Yet in penance for her sin, she ought in fairness to have the noblest music for her ritual, and every orgy of jazz music which she permits might well be expiated by a special organ recital. In these days, the church is almost the only institution left which recalls the fact that there is such a thing as the human spirit to be cared for. In other ages, that spirit was nourished by great

architecture and noble language and music. Why should we depart from that ideal to-day?

There is no creation more eloquent of civilization than the writing and enjoying of great music. And we are pitifully without it to-day. For one thing a good band concert costs so enormously to give that such a performance is almost out of the question for the average, debt-burdened town. Professional music being thus in default, there is nothing to do but to foster a feeling for good music in the community. In spite of all that may be adduced to the contrary, Americans are exceptionally sensitive to music; with a little encouragement, the lovers of good music would break the chains of the present vulgarisms. But there is no encouragement. Jazz is at once a symptom and a cause. And the hullabaloo, bursting from the windows of the parish hall, startles the quiet neighborhood.

Can nothing be done to bring better music to American communities?

H. B. B.

THE three new Puccini operas, mentioned in last week's number are thus reviewed by the well-known English critic, Ernest Newman:

'Twenty years ago, there can be little doubt, Puccini would have made a three-act opera out of, at any rate, the first two of the stories of these three new works of his. *Il Tabarro* (The Cloak) is the story of the faithless wife of a barge proprietor on the Seine. She turns a deaf ear to his pathetic appeal to remember the old days, when he, she, and the child that is now dead used to nestle happily under his great cloak. Later, when she hears a noise on deck, she comes up anxiously from below, partly fearful that her rendezvous with her lover has miscarried, partly touched by pity for her mourn-

ing husband; it is her turn now to ask to be taken under the cloak as of old. The husband has caught the lover and strangled him, and holds him concealed in the cloak; he sardonically opens the cloak for his wife, and the dead body falls at her feet. Twenty years ago Puccini would pretty certainly have made three acts of all this: we should have been taken through the early stages of the married life of Michele and Giorgetta, and of the love of Giorgetta and Luigi. In *Suor Angelica* we see the last hours of a nun who has sinned seven years before, and has just heard that her child is dead: she loses her reason and destroys herself. Twenty years ago Puccini would not have missed the opportunity to show the passion of Angelica and her lover in all its stages. *Gianni Schicchi*, the third of these operas, would perhaps hardly bear expansion, even by an old-style opera librettist.

'What Puccini has done in each of these cases is, quite unconsciously, no doubt, to follow the precepts of Wagner — to shear away all that is mere trimming of the story, to plunge at once into the vital centre of the action, and, instead of showing in detail all the stages of it that have led up to this nodal scene, to make them reveal themselves through the tissue of the action in its hour of greatest concentration. In *Il Tabarro* the concentration could have gone still further. Puccini and his librettist cannot get quite away, even in the one-act form, from the paddings and trappings of the three-act opera; the action has still to be interrupted every now and then by a bit of factitious ensemble work. But in the main each of these operas shows an admiration and welcome concentration of an action into its prime essentials.

'All in all, Puccini's music shows the same advance as his dramatic sense.

One way of looking at the matter is to say that his style has here been shorn of some of its superfluities, its over-emphasis, by the sheer necessity of saying what he has to say in half the usual time. But the real process has been the reverse of this: it is because Puccini's mind now works more swiftly and surely that he wants the librettist to go straighter to his points. He is the same Puccini as of old in every material respect; but his style is losing its old grossness of sentiment. What seems like the old commonplace touch in Lauretta's song in *Gianni Schicchi* is, as likely as not, merely Puccini playing half-seriously, half-humorously with the conventions of Italian music and of his own earlier style. When he turns Luigi on to the passionate note, it is recognizably the old Puccini that is speaking, but the melodic lines are not so obviously drawn as they used to be with the thick of the thumb. All the old dodges and tricks of style are in these operas, but always with a new application. One of Puccini's surest means of effect has always been the reiteration of an orchestral phrase till it becomes a maddening or terrifying obsession; a good example is the phrase that runs through the latter part of the final scene of *Tosca* and *Mario*. In *Suor Angelica*, at the climax of the scene between Angelica and the Princess, we have precisely the same device — an agonizing orchestral figure repeated again and again; but the thing is not the obviously calculated attack on our nerves that the theme in *Tosca* is.

'Everywhere we can see that Puccini is still developing. The cast of his mind is unalterably fixed, and those who are fundamentally out of sympathy with it will be as irritated by the three new works as they are by the old ones. But he is certainly learning to play new and better tunes upon the old instrument.

His psychological sense cuts deeper than it used to do. He has never done anything finer in its way than the suggestion running through so much of *Il Tabarro* of the weariness and mournful ugliness of physical labor, or the atmosphere of suppressed desire, of frustration and melancholy resignation, that envelops the first part of *Suor Angelica*. (Even the rather foolish Christmas-card ending of the opera has not the blatant offensiveness that Puccini would have given it a few years ago.) The comic opera is a new genre for Puccini. In *La Bohème* he has put a charming, wistful smile upon the face of tragedy; but *Gianna Schicchi* is his first adventure into the lustiness of pure comedy. He has succeeded extraordinarily well. Note, for instance, the masterly characterization of that opening scene in the death chamber (that in the most curious way suggests at once an atmosphere of mourning and the half-felt, half-suppressed joy of the expectant heirs), and the exquisite mock solemnity of the theme symbolical of will-making.'

The casts.

IL TABARRO

Michele.....	Dinh Gilly
Luigi.....	Thomas Burke
Il 'Tinca'.....	Luigi Cilla
Il 'Talpa'.....	Edouard Cotreuil
Giorgetta.....	Ida Quaiatti
La Frugola.....	Louise Berat
Venditore.....	Maurice Oger
Due Amanti.....	{ Doris Lemon Maurice Oger

SUOR ANGELICA

Suor Angelica.....	Gilda Dalla Rizza
La Zia Principessa.....	Jacqueline Royer
La Badessa.....	Margery Baxter
La Suor Zelatrice.....	Juliette Autran
La Maestra della Novizia.....	Margaret Lewys
Suor Genovieffa.....	Madeline Collins

Suor Osmina.....	Florence Ayre
Suor Dolcina.....	Molly Street
Due Cercatrice.....	{ Alice D'Hermanoy Katherine Seddon
Una Novizia.....	Margaret Tame
Due Converse.....	{ Doris Lemon Celia Turrill

GIANNI SCHICCHI

Gianni Schicchi.....	Ernesto Badini
Lauretta.....	Gilda Dalla Rizza
Zita.....	Louise Berat
Rinuccio.....	Thomas Burke
Gherardo.....	Luigi Cilla
Nella.....	Juliette Autran
Gherardino.....	Elsie McDermid
Betto di Signa.....	William Michael
Simone.....	Edouard Coteuil
Marco.....	Desire Defrere
La Ciesca.....	Alice D'Hermanoy
Maestro Spinelloccio	
Pompilio Malatesta	
Ser Amantio di Nicolao	
Michele Sampieri	

Conductor....Gaetano Bavagnoli

FROM the *Times* comes this review of M. Paul Bourget's latest book, *Laurence Albani*.*

M. Bourget seems to have been a little scared by the clamor of *les jeunes*, and to have felt impelled to write a book defending, if only obliquely, the present social order. But, with more artistic conscience and less calculation of human carelessness than his political adversaries, he has not stressed his social lesson or even commented on it. He has merely written a rather timid novel of which the object is to show how dangerous it is for a peasant girl to improve her natural qualities and to mix with people of the "upper classes."

Laurence Albani was the daughter of peasant proprietors in the Midi. An ancestor, who fell on evil days, had

* Paris, Plon-Nourrit. 5f.

been an officer during the First Empire; and the supposed refinement of this gentleman was inherited by Laurence alone among his descendants. Her amiable character and appearance suggested to Lady Agnes Vernham — a specimen of that *rara avis*, the cultivated aristocrat — that the French peasant girl would make a desirable traveling companion. For a consideration the girl's parents consented to the sacrifice of not having to keep her, and she accompanied Lady Agnes on several European tours and stayed with her at Vernham Manor.

In the company of this elegant person Laurence Albani lost the clumsiness of her peasant upbringing and became a *demoiselle*; there were even hopes of a considerable legacy from Lady Agnes, but these were shattered by her dying intestate. Laurence, insulted by the heir, was forced to return home, where she found her family dull. She has two suitors: one, Couture, an unkempt gardener, with a character too solidly virtuous for an ordinary son of Adam; the other, Libertat, a rich but unscrupulous bourgeois. Between these two Laurence shows a reasonable hesitation — is she to choose her social superior, a rich, handsome man who merely "desires" her, or her social equal, an ugly poor man who "loves" her?

The situation is resolved by a rather grotesque incident (too long to recount) which involves the assassination of a little boy by his small brother and the concealment of the crime by Laurence's real lover — the gardener, of course. The newly married pair depart for Algeria (thereby helping to solve the French housing problem) and take the youthful assassin with them. The moral to be drawn from this exceedingly unreal narrative is "stay in the class to which you were born."

[*The New Statesman*]
ON DANDIES

ALL the discussion that is at present raging as to whether soldiers are to be put back into scarlet and gold instead of khaki reminds us that man is a natural dandy and only ceases to be a dandy when he has to take seriously to work. It is probable that if he had remained uncorrupted by the serpent and the woman in Eden, and so had been able to live idle forever, he would have learned to dress as brilliantly as a parrot and would be doing so still. Clothes, it is often supposed, are a mark of his fall. His sins made him modest, and he did his best to hide himself. As soon, however, as he had begun to overflow into the cooler regions of the earth, he was bound, we fancy, either to dress himself or to grow fur. The human skin is not a sufficient protection against the English climate. And, as soon as he had learned to dress for use, he would have been tempted to take a step further and dress for beauty.

After all, the birds never fell, and yet they dress like princes. The baboon never fell, and yet he dresses like a lord. As it is, however, we may take it for granted that the evolution of man's costume has been on different lines from those on which it would have proceeded had he remained innocent. If he had remained innocent, he would never have had to fight or to struggle for riches. There would have been no soldiers and no barons. His costume would therefore have been designed for beauty, not for boasting. He might have been a dandy, but he would not have been a brave. That the old-fashioned costume of the soldier is in some respects at least descended from

that of the primitive brave we may infer from the use of plumage in the head dress of various regiments.

Among the Red Indians, no part of the costume was more significant than the feathers. One could even tell a Red Indian's record in war by the way in which his feathers were worn. If a Red Indian belonging to the Hidatse tribe wore a feather with a tuft of down on the tip, you knew that he had killed an enemy. Among the Dakotas, a black-bordered notch cut in the feather proved that the wearer had cut his enemy's throat and borne off his scalp. If only the throat had been cut, and the scalp left shamefully behind, the markings on the feather were different. It is said that feathers did not appear in the costume of English soldiers till the reign of Henry V, but we may take it that the instinct that led to their use was much the same as that which prevailed among the Red Indians. There is something challenging, something that appeals delightfully to human pride, in the appearance of a feather on a human head. We still sympathize with the infant son of Hector as he plays with the pseudo-plumage in his father's helmet.

Unquestionably, Christian Europe took to feathers with an enthusiasm it has never abandoned till the present day. Women, it is said, did not take to them till the time of Henry VIII, but they have made up for their dilatoriness since. At the present time we have a Plumage Bill under discussion which would have been unnecessary but for the fact that no considerations even of ordinary humanity will prevent women from wearing feathers.

Side by side with this, Mr. Churchill is carrying through what is practically another Plumage Bill for the restoration of feathers in the costume of brave men. Now that the stress of war is over, he wishes to get back as far as possible to the habits of primitive man. He feels that the defeat of Germany has given the world a breathing-space for dandyism again. He forgets that, in the older world, this particular form of dandyism survived because it could be carried into action. A man in those days fought better because of his feathers. They added not to his danger, but to his daring in battle. It is possible even that he wore them as a charm and that he felt that the feather of an eagle would give him the strength of an eagle. To the present day, perhaps, women have a vague notion that the feathers of a kingfisher give them the beauty of a kingfisher.

Alas, bravery and beauty cannot be purchased in a milliner's shop. Man lives in a pathetic hope of being able to increase himself by some such external magic. He cannot add a cubit to his stature, but he can at least add a feather to his cap. He can even add a feather to his little green Tyrolese hat. He is not born an eagle or a peacock, but he believes that he can disguise himself as one. In other words, he is not a mere animal, but an artist.

There is surely a sort of modesty in all this dressing up. Man is rather ashamed of what he looks like unaided by art. He knows that, if he escaped from shirt and trousers, he would look much more like a forked radish, or a freak carrot, than like a Greek god. In the nineteenth century many people persuaded themselves that the human form was essentially beautiful, and they hired men and women to stand naked in studios in the hope that by contemplation of their beauty they would be able to recapture for their

fellows the lost beauties of Olympus. Who that has ever been in a studio does not shudder at the memory of those sad spectacles? Man naked looks less like a god than like something that would be sold by the pound in an East End ham-and-beef shop. He was the least of the animals, poor thing, as one saw him being examined by the army medical boards during the war. One looked in vain at the time for any example of his race corresponding to the Hermes of Praxiteles. He had not even the grace of a tadpole swimming about in a child's glass jampot.

So appalling is the truth about the human figure that a realistic town councilor at a Kentish resort was driven the other day to cry out against mixed bathing, on the ground that, by bathing together, men and women were beginning to see in some measure what each other look like and in their disgust were refusing to marry. He called out for the old woolen disguise as the only means of saving the race. According to his philosophy, it is obviously not nature but art that is the fruitful parent of love. There are idealists, on the other hand, who take an entirely opposite view. They hold that man has lapsed into his present deplorable shape only because he has ceased to go naked. If he would but consent to go naked again, they assure us, he would find some means of regaining the Olympian graces instead of as at present depending for them on his tailor. He is now, they hold, simply a victim of his own laziness. Let him sell his wardrobe to an old-clothes man, and go dancing and prancing in the open air, and his feet once more shall be beautiful upon the mountains.

We fear this is a counsel of perfection. In the climate of this all but perfect island, the foot that goes bare is as graceless as the foot that is bound in the skin of a calf, and the body that

goes bare will acquire a still more peculiar hue than the body that hides itself in the wool of a sheep. There is nothing for it but to make the best of a bad job. For better or worse man must continue to be a clothes-wearing animal. And being a clothes-wearing animal, he will aspire to be a fine-clothes-wearing animal in so far as this is consistent with his getting all the money and amusement he desires. Clothes are his favorite form of make-believe. By the aid of clothes he can acquire the appearance of possessing all for which he longs—youth, beauty, and riches.

In the unsophisticated days of Queen Victoria a number of gentlemen even painted their faces in order to look and to feel young. The most characteristically English statesman of the time, Palmerston (who, as Mr. Shaw would say, was of course an Irishman), rouged, as we learn in the new volumes of the *Life of Disraeli*. Disraeli said that the two bravest men he had ever known used rouge. We are accustomed to pretend that men who think a great deal about their personal appearance are effeminate in the sense of being weakly creatures. There is nothing in history to warrant this belief. There was little that was effeminate about the Elizabethans, yet they were among the supreme dandies in the annals of this country. The costume of soldiers, again, has always been more showy than the costume of shopkeepers. We do not doubt that it is the shopkeepers and not the soldiers, who have all but completely driven fine costume out of English life, so far at least as the men are concerned.

Englishmen never got over being called a nation of shopkeepers by Napoleon. They turned his sneer into a boast, and nowadays even a general slips at the earliest opportunity out of his finery and does his best to look like

a retired house agent. This, too, is make-believe. Other nations have conquered their neighbors by looking like soldiers. Englishmen have conquered we forget how much of the globe by looking like innocent tradesmen off to Southend for a quiet week-end. The English kept saying that they were not a martial race till other people believed them. They merely meant that, as soldiers, they wished to remain invisible. They were the first nation to realize the advantages of invisibility in war.

This, perhaps, helps to explain the English suspicion of fine dress in men. They discovered that the finely-dressed Stuarts brought them almost into the position of a subject nation, and they called in the Guelphs in order to disguise themselves in simplicity. The tendency ever since has been toward a dress that tells no tales. There have been occasional reactions toward finery on the part of those who had forgotten the plight into which finery had brought the country in the seventeenth century. It is odd to find even so great a Whig as Fox a leader among the Macaronis, who not only succeeded in making macaroni an English dish which children detest to this day, but amazed their contemporaries with their white silk breeches and stockings, their boundless neckcloths, their diamond buckles, and their red-heeled shoes. Fox, however, was a very fat and ugly man, and it would have been poor sport for him to go about dressed as a Puritan.

Poor Beau Nash, again, dressed well only because he was anxious to look like a gentleman. But even he was enough of an ordinary Englishman to make utilitarian excuses for not dressing as other men did. 'He always wore a white hat,' we are told by Oliver Goldsmith, 'and, to apologize for this singularity, said he did it purely to secure it from being stolen.' Beau

Brummel, the grandson of a shop-keeper, appears to have been singular, not in the cut of his clothes, but in his care about clothes. He dressed exquisitely rather than eccentrically. Still, the fact — or the fiction — that he burst into tears of distress on seeing an imperfectly-cut coat on the Prince of Wales suggests that he, too, was in his imagination hankering after the atmosphere of the Stuarts. Every outburst of aestheticism in clothes since that time has been simply a reaction against Puritanism.

As might be expected, the lesser artists and men of letters have been prominent among the reactionaries. Lord Lytton's stays and Oscar Wilde's knee breeches are among the memorable eccentricities of the nineteenth century. At the same time, while the average Englishman has no patience with eccentricity of costume, he still believes in formality of costume in most of the professions and at the dinner table. The lawyer wears a wig, the bishop his gaiters, the butcher his blue apron, the commissionaire his braid. The bishop, however, is the only one who carries his formal costume into private life. The judge does not go out to tea in his wig, nor the butcher in his apron. In this the soldier is of their mind rather than of the bishop's. The present dispute about the soldier's costume, indeed, is not a dispute as to whether his formal costume shall also be his informal one, but as to whether he shall have two formal costumes — one for peace time and one for war. Mr. Churchill apparently wishes soldiers to look like soldiers — at least when there is no war on. It is a dangerous path to take. The Stuarts looked like soldiers: the Germans looked like soldiers. Mr. Churchill, we fear, has never grasped the essentials of the great English philosophy of disguise.

[*L'Echo de Paris*]
THE TIRAILLEUR'S
VENGEANCE

BY PIERRE BENOIT

At seven o'clock in the evening, the handful of Moroccan sharpshooters who guarded the road from Frankfort to Kronberg were relieved by a detail of Algerians. When the details of the night guard had been arranged, the lieutenant in command sat down to a quiet supper in a little shelter by the highway.

Presently a tirailleur advanced, and paused at the door.

'What is it, Sassi-ben-Amara?' said the officer.

'I have come to say that I mean to go on a desertion, *ma lieutenant*.'

The officer lifted his head and gazed at the trooper.

'What's this? You intend to desert?'

'For to-night, only, *ma lieutenant*, because there are no passes being issued.'

'You know that passes cannot be issued now; yet, because you wish to absent yourself, you intend to desert for to-night — is that what I am to understand?'

'Yes, *ma lieutenant*.'

'Well, you certainly have nerve!' And the lieutenant repeated his phrase, looking at his sergeant as he did so. Neither officer appeared much astonished.

'Where do you want to go?'

'To Kronberg, *ma lieutenant*.'

'Why do you want to go to Kronberg?'

The Arab answered quietly, 'Sassi-ben-Amara was prisoner of war two years at the camp of Kronberg. He very much need go back Kronberg.'

'Hm,' observed the lieutenant. He thought a while, and consulted his map.

'Kronberg is twenty miles away.'

'Yes, *ma lieutenant*.'

'And if I forbid you to go, you will go just the same?'

'Yes, *ma lieutenant*.'

'Well, act as if you had never spoken to me. Try to be back by to-morrow night, or else not even your military medal will protect you from discipline.'

Sassi-ben-Amara turned to go, but the lieutenant called after him. He knew that he must not trifl with an Arab whose mind is made up, yet the journey of Sassi-ben-Amara intrigued him.

'What are you up to at Kronberg? What kind of pretty business are you going to start?'

The Arab made a gesture of wounded dignity.

'I have given you my word, *ma lieutenant*. Moreover, I can speak Boche.'

This was true. During the two years at Kronberg, Sassi-ben-Amara, had learned the *sabèr* of the Germans.

Sassi-ben-Amara strode out of the room. It had rained during the afternoon; night was now at hand. In the puddles of the highway, the violet glow of twilight was deepening to sombre black. The Arab left the road, and, leaping a ditch, made his way into a wood. There he cut for himself a stout stick, and sat down to trim off the green shoots. When this task was done, he threw back his head and burst into naïve roars of laughter. Then, like a good soldier, he went back to his squad and lay down to sleep between his two old friends, Si-Bel-kacem and Mohammed-Beggi of Masaïra. The adventure was a matter for the morning.

Kronberg lies northwest of Frankfort. Between the two cities lies the little town of Hausen, close by the banks of the poetic Nidda.

Dawn was not yet at hand. In an

inn by the roadside some workmen waited for their morning coffee to come to a boil. And as they waited, they discussed the occupation of Frankfort by the French. The inn-keeper obliged with reminiscences of the battle of St. Privat.

'Yes, my friends, a huge colonel of cuirassiers bore down on me, his sabre raised in air. Just as he ——'

'Sh! Listen!' said one of his hearers.

'My bicycle!' cried another, hurrying to the door.

On the dark road nothing could be seen. For an instant or so they heard the hum of bicycle tires far away in the dark.

It was six o'clock when Sassi-ben-Amara beheld, by the rays of the climbing sun, the church-spire of Kronberg, which he had so often seen rising over the barbed wire of the prisoners' camp. He hid the bicycle in a glen, and going across fields, walked toward the scene of his imprisonment. He made his way into the deserted enclosure, and found the very hut in which he had slept. There he squatted down cross-legged and began dreaming. His reverie lasted long. Before his mind rose once more his months of humiliation, pain, and despair. When he rose, his eyes shone with a cold and intense anger. Then, stick in hand, he walked forth abruptly, and made his way down a wooded path to the town.

Yes, there it was, the little house standing apart by itself. With infinite precautions, he made his way through a hedge, and found himself in an untidy vegetable garden. A lean dog saw him, and made no sound.

The kitchen door, opening on the garden, stood open. The tirailleur hid behind a barrel, and gazed into the room. The watch-dog continued to look benevolently at the intruder.

Suddenly Sassi-ben-Amara trembled with joy. From somewhere within the house, a man had made his way into the kitchen. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his back was turned. The tirailleur, however, had instantly recognized the heavy frame of the man he sought, Herr Otto Gottlieb, sometime chief adjutant of the camp of Kronberg. And Sassi-ben-Amara thought of how this rascal had beaten him almost every day.

He crouched, ready to spring. The dog uttered a little yelp.

A woman had entered the kitchen. She was a redoubtable creature, dressed in a morning wrapper, and her hair was fixed in frowsy curl-papers. Presently there was heard the sound of a torrent of abuse, followed by a stout thwack. Ah, but the adjutant's wife was a fine strong woman!

The virago departed, slamming the door as she went. The tirailleur saw his old tormentor humbly drag out a stool and set to work peeling a large pail of potatoes. Profound sighs escaped from the adjutant's bosom. It

was only then that he by chance happened to see the tirailleur.

The two men gazed at each other for a moment, in silence. The shoulders of the adjutant shook. Sassi-ben-Amara marched down on him. The dog wagged his lean tail.

'Do you remember me?' said the tirailleur. 'Number 127 Kriegsgefangenlager?'

The other stared. 'Me Sassi-ben-Amara! Always had to peel potatoes, never got one to eat. Always blows. You are big pig, you.' And Sassi-ben-Amara lifted his stout stick.

The adjutant's head shrank into his shoulders, and the potatoes rolled off his lap into the dust of the garden.

He waited. Time passed, and brought no blow. When he dared to open his eyes, his enemy had disappeared.

'Ah!' said the lieutenant, 'here is Monsieur Sassi-ben-Amara. Well, what about the ladies of Kronberg — were they pretty?'

But his only answer was the shocked and chaste gesture of Sassi-ben-Amara.

[The Dublin Review]

A FRENCH OFFICER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

BY CYRIL FALLS

IT is a fact not always recognized by the 'men who stayed at home' that the British and French soldiers saw practically nothing of each other during the war. At all normal times their zones were clearly marked, and there was no circulation between them. But there was a barrier stronger than the boundaries laid down by the Higher

Command: the barrier of language. The British and French are as linguists the worst in Europe, and when soldiers of the two nations met in back areas there was little communication between them. At points of junction between the armies — there were in 1918 at one time no less than five, with a French force in Flanders and

a British in Champagne — there was indeed some social intercourse. Sports and football matches brought the men together, and the rare linguists on either side had a chance to prove their mettle. But in the case of millions of British soldiers all that was seen of their allies was a stray battalion or battery on the march or in the train, companies of old Territorials at work on the roads, and veterans of even older classes, leaning on antiquated rifles, guarding a tunnel or a bridge.

I write as one that, speaking tolerable French and with some knowledge of France, was less in ignorance than most of my countrymen of the real French spirit and the Frenchman's outlook on the war. I had in my wanderings over the front from the Somme to Ypres had the good fortune to make many friends among the civilians, and to realize something of their steadfast devotion to their soil. But it was not till, in the last year of the war, I went as a Liaison Officer to live with a French Headquarters that I was able to study at close quarters the French soldier. Those four months were to me the most interesting of the whole war. From the military point of view there was the fascination of studying a machine very different from our own. From the human point of view there was the pleasure of observing men who responded to the pressure of the conflict in a fashion as different as was their military organization from that of the British.

It had not been necessary for us to wait till 1918 to learn that we had often entertained misconceptions with regard to the mentality of the French soldier. There had, to take a single but significant example, been published actually before the war, though it did not come to the notice of English readers till the death of its author in action, *Le Voyage du Centurion*,

which had borne witness that a professional soldier could be also a mystic. Ernest Psichari was to find death early in the war, and his friend, that even more important literary figure, Charles Péguy, was likewise killed at the very beginning, at the Battle of the Marne.

Throughout the French army the war proved an apt soil for religious growth. M. Maurice Barrès, in the preface to a book on Charles Péguy, notes that certain of the young men went to battle in the earliest days in a spirit of gay and joyous impiety, a sort of happy spiritual nihilism. That disappeared in a few months. Thereafter the mood was one of high seriousness, and in general of a desire to return to the comfort of a faith that many had half forgotten. To begin with, religion could now be freely practised. No longer, as in the bad old days, was a note of interrogation set against the name of an officer who attended Mass. Aumôniers were officially attached to the forces, and there was always a large number of priests among the stretcher-bearers, who held special services when they were demanded.

But there was a great number of men who were religious in a sense other than the ordinary, whose faith seemed to burn in them like a flame. And, by the time of which I write, the spiritual state of these men was a curious one. Besides their faith, one other very powerful influence had for years been working in them — love of native land. These two, dominating every other motive, had blended so indissolubly that they were become one.

It was in an *officier de carrière* like Psichari, not a reservist, a writer turned soldier like Charles Péguy, a cavalryman of about thirty-five, Captain De V—, that these combined motives seemed to hold more complete sway than in any other of my ac-

quaintance. In his character were allied a fineness and a simplicity not often seen in combination. He had an extraordinary influence over any company in which he found himself; only such, however, as might have been expected from a saint who was also a wit. For saintliness and wit do not always go together any more than fineness and simplicity, and, when they do, they are a mighty force. He 'ragged' us all unmercifully with a razor-edged sarcasm such as only a Frenchman can command. He was always the life of the *popote*, and if he were absent from table the meal always seemed dull.

He was at once gentle and strong, modest and self-confident. If he lacked a virtue, it was tolerance. He bristled at mention of a *franc-maçon*; and, if he tried to think and speak in kindly fashion of the Jewish race, he did not always succeed. Whereat, those who know anything of France during the last thirty years will not be vastly astonished. 'V—— is of the old school,' said a common friend. 'He is all for France, and he considers none a Frenchman who is not. He gives no thought to money. If there were more like him we should not have had in power the *canaille* we have endured. A M——— naming a notorious politician then on his trial —'would have been impossible.'

He was a very sound and enthusiastic cavalryman. A delightful horseman himself, and an excellent horsemaster, he had a perfectly uncanny memory for horses. I remember him on one occasion stopping a section of his Hussars, riding up to relieve a similar force at a divisional observation post, and asking one: 'Where is Sultane? Why are you riding Montauban? He belongs to Berthier, does n't he — no, Amiot?' 'Amiot went on leave this morning, *mon capitaine*, and Sultane got a kick last night. She will be all

right in a day or two.' That, when one comes to think of it, is not bad for a Squadron Leader, not alone to know his horses by sight and by name, but to remember to which troopers they belong. He had made a close study of the use of cavalry as mounted infantry, and was enthusiastic about its possibilities. For shock tactics he considered that in European warfare its day was past. And this, though he was one of the comparatively few who had in the course of the war killed his man, man to man, horse to horse, and sword to sword.

He had none of the 'insularity' that sometimes marks his class, and indeed all classes in France, which is of all countries of Europe the least interested in affairs outside her own. He was particularly interested in England and in English books. He had an English nurse and an English governess for his four children. His admiration for England and the English effort in the war, which some of his countrymen underestimated, was unbounded. 'When English people tell me, with their usual cynicism, that it was entirely to save their own skins that they came into the war,' I heard him say on one occasion, 'I do not believe them. That is only half the truth. At the back of the minds of the best English people I have met, was a determination that our French civilization should not be blotted out. England very often does more than she promises, and with higher motives than her people profess.'

His fifteen years of service had been very seriously devoted to his profession of arms, but he had found time for one hobby which he had pursued with passion, the breeding of thoroughbreds. He delighted in a good thoroughbred in war and in sport. And he had, so far as his means permitted, brought his stock to the test of the race course, putting a small proportion of his year-

lings into training from time to time, and selling the rest. There is something about the turf, with all its chicaneries, that seems to have an irresistible appeal for men of his type. He admitted that he took delight in its social, as well as in the purely sporting side. '*J'aime si bien Longchamp*', he said to me, '*les arbres, les fleurs, les beaux chevaux, les toilettes même, qu'on y voit mieux que n'importe où.* *Naturellement*', he added swiftly, with a smile, '*je me fiche pas mal des personnes qui les portent.*'

Captain De V—— was one of those men whose faith enabled them to face the war and its horror without flinching. I well remember how often on those July mornings I used to be awakened at seven o'clock by his restless blood-horses outside, pawing the ground and sidling about as they waited to take him back to Mass at a little convent a few miles in rear of us, where the nuns had stayed on, braving the bombs and high-velocity guns. An hour and a half later, when I had breakfasted, I used to walk up the hill behind the *poste de commandement* for a look at the line, and would see him and his orderly cantering back across the fields. He went through the blackest of all days, when the French were reeling back on the Aisne and the German troops were driving into Fismes in French lorries, with a smiling face. He used to recall to me a letter written by Charles Péguy to Paris from the camp where he awaited the attack of the enemy: '*Mon enfant, je voudrais que vous eussiez un peu de cette grande paix que nous avons ici.*'

His complete confidence in final victory, even in the most evil days of the summer of 1918, was no more certain than that this victory would come with the aid of Heaven. He looked forward to a 'mystic' ending of the war. The Kaiser was a scourge of God, like

Attila or Napoleon. When his time was come he would be swept away like them. We should fight desperately to break his line, but it would be more than human force that would bring about the final catastrophe. The enemy would not be destroyed by us. An unseen blow would fall upon him; he would be stricken with terror; his will to resist would snap suddenly. A dread that they could not explain would seize hold of all the soldiers, and the mighty machine would fall to pieces in a day.

I thought much of that prophecy on two occasions. The first was on the day of the armistice, when we came to the end of our long pursuit-battle. At that time, I confess, it appeared to me that it had assuredly not been fulfilled. This was, if ever the world had seen one, a material victory, won by a great strategist, who had hammered in his opponent's front and then proceeded to cut his army in two. There was no element of the spiritual or the mystic in it. I thought of it again a short time ago when reading the *War Memories* of General Ludendorff, when the affair appeared under a more doubtful aspect. For what the German leader there describes as happening in Germany and in the army is singularly like this prophecy:

On November 9, Germany, lacking any firm guidance, bereft of all will, robbed of her princes, collapsed like a house of cards. All that we had lived for, all that we had bled for long years to maintain was gone. We no longer had a native land of which we might be proud. Order in state and society vanished. All authority disappeared. Chaos, Bolshevism, terror, un-German in name and nature, made their entry into the German fatherland. . . . Men who had fought magnificently against the enemy lost their nerve and abandoned the army and the country, thinking of nothing but themselves. Even officers among them, forgetting the duties of their class and their historical mission.

My friend was, it always appeared to me, a living example of that famous

phrase of M. Barrès in his preface to the letters of Stendhal: '*La vie militaire et la vie religieuse ont formé l'âme française.*' Religious and military life had assuredly formed him. And they had implanted in him a love for his native land that, while intensely spiritual, was associated with the ever-present conception of concrete and material things. The very soil of France was blended with the dust of the countless millions of Frenchmen who were dead. In the same way it might appear that the air in which we moved, which we breathed in at each moment, was thronged with their spirits. The visible world of France was the possession not alone of the living but also of

the fluttering legion
Of all that ever died.

And it was, in the grim days when the troops of General Débeney held the Hangard Line, as it had been two years earlier at Verdun, not alone certain men of France of certain ages who stood against the foe, but a great community, a tremendous spiritual unity, the living and the dead, the soul of France. It seemed indeed to the mystics who held this belief that they went to battle encompassed by a great cloud of witnesses. They felt that they were units of an army, visible and invisible. At any moment they of the living might be called upon to join the ranks of the dead, and their place would know them no more. But they would still belong to, still form a part of, that entity which was resisting the invader, the old French soul that was defending a civilization '*formée dans les mœurs de l'agriculture et de la guerre*', as M. Barrès puts it in *Colette Baudoché*. Such a creed, quite definite and ever-present in the minds of men like Captain De V—, held, it often seemed to me, half-consciously or sub-

consciously by many a slow and steady pipe-smoking poilu in the trenches, was one that made a soldier fight to the last for his native land. It would have brought little comfort to an aggressor or a despoiler of his neighbor.

I do not know whether my friend will remain in the army now that things have begun to settle down. One of his dearest hopes during the war had been that the country would henceforth be governed by the best men, that politics would become a game that could be played with clean hands. If his desire should be granted, I do not believe that he himself will ever take any part in public life. He has lived too long in the tradition that it was impossible for a man of his type to do so. I like to picture him settling down at his château, which has scarce seen him for many years; watching his children grow up, till the boys follow him through St. Cyr to the — Hussars, and the girls marry; busied with the affairs of his farms; delighting in his thoroughbred stock; forming a centre of spiritual life for all who come in contact with him. That, in my eyes, who have known and admired him, is a very happy and gracious picture. If I have not here succeeded in conveying that, it is the fault of the painter, not of the model.

I trust that at least I have been enabled to give reality to a type which was very real, and which was very near to that ideal of Wordsworth's, when he wrote:

But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need;
— He who though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,

Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love.

This is the happy Warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

AMERICAN COUNTRY

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

ALL Americans travel by night. I suppose it is to avoid the advertisements that line the railways. One would suffer much to escape the huge boards adjuring you to 'Eat Gorton's Codfish; no bones!' or 'Just try one bottle of the Three-in-one Oil,' or 'Watch him Register!' with four pictures of a man lighting a cigarette in anticipation, hesitation, realization, and satisfaction, till the very sight of him makes one sad. So Americans and English visitors alike are driven to travel by darkness, creeping into little coverts set in rows one above the other along the length of carriages, and shut off by heavy green curtains. There they lie stifling for want of air through the long hours of night, heavily asleep or listening to the wails and griefs of a mother and baby in the stifling berth overhead, until in the dim morning a dark attendant comes to shout the name of an approaching city, and it is time to crawl up the carriage and wash in the cupboard at the end. To this has commercial enterprise reduced a race renowned for sanity.

So all travel in darkness from city to city, even though the journey may last only six or eight hours; and I have asked Americans and English in vain what the country in America is like. They could tell me a lot about New

York, Chicago, Washington, or Boston, but of the country between the cities they could say nothing. I began to doubt whether there was any country in America, except Niagara and a few chasms; with perhaps a 'reservation' or two, called 'parks,' but the very word 'park' excludes the idea of country. Determined to solve the question, and having to travel from New York to Montreal, I took a daylight train, to the astonishment of everyone.

Escaping from the scrappy suburbs, which extend as far as Dobb's Ferry, and look as though America were still a 'colony,' I passed up the left bank of the Hudson, which looks about three times as broad as the Thames at Richmond. On the farther side are cliffs of precipitous rock, not very high and covered with woods along the summit. So we came to Albany, where the New York State Legislature had recently passed laws to destroy the very elements of freedom in thought or speech. The laws have now been vetoed by Governor Smith; legislatures appear to take pleasure in passing laws in the confident belief that someone or other will stop them on the way. After that we entered a green and pastoral country of low hills and running streams, something like the quieter parts of Shropshire. White farms are scattered about it, and there is a good deal of plough and garden round them. As in Holland, the cattle are chiefly black and white, and I thought they must be descendants of the herds brought over by the settlers who founded New Amsterdam where New York now stands; but I have learned that they are a new importation (called 'Holstein,' I believe) and are valued for the quantity of their milk.

The farmhouses are chiefly built of planks laid lengthways ('clapboard,'

pronounced 'clabbud,' is the technical word), and they have the picturesque green shutters as in France. Frequent spinneys, copses, and woods supply building material and fuel. As we advanced the hills were higher and the streams more rapid, until the country looked like the approaches to Switzerland — the foothills of the Jura, or the entrance of the Rhone valley before the mountains are in sight. We had entered the beautiful State of Vermont (pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, the first almost inaudible), and the hills were the beginnings of the Green Mountains, from which I suppose the state took its name. Here the country and the houses are peculiarly Swiss. The trees are chiefly fir, the streams almost torrents, the bridges roofed over with wood and covered in at the sides, like barns or pent-houses. The chief industry seems to be in timber, which I think is mainly used for pulping into paper, and sold to the great newspaper owners of New York, only the writing and printing being then required to complete the journals.

The very air was sub-Alpine, abounding in the peculiar smells which make a Swiss as homesick as the horn of his mountains. Toward evening we passed along the shore of a long and beautiful lake, gradually extending to a width of many miles. Across it we could see far away the high range of the Adirondacks, some of the peaks still touched with snow. Somewhere beside the lake, I am told, is one of those wealthy clubs where the youth of the plutocracy luxuriate in comfort and call it health. I did not see that queer aspiration after barbarism, but we passed through one or two small towns or settlements where such of the professional classes as have survived the war without having lost the means for simple pleasures

stay to enjoy the summer. For myself, as I looked across the water into the sunset, I imagined visions of the vanished races that once enjoyed the summer there until the white man's burden crushed them out.

A few weeks later I had to travel from New York City to Ithaca, which is in the north of the state. Following the fashion, I went by night. The horror of dust and ignorant darkness, of shocks and jolts and hootings, and the stifling heat of a curtained berth, was partly compensated by the joy of leaving the train in the clear air of sunrise and looking out upon the quiet green hills where Cornell University stands. Surely no university in the world is more beautifully placed. On the summit of a high plateau the buildings of the separate schools are arranged around a vast oblong 'campus' or 'quad.' On either hand the plateau is cleft by mountain gorges with precipitous and rocky sides. Torrents leap down them as in Scotland or Wales. From the plateau one looks across a broad valley to a green and cultivated hillside that might be in the loveliest part of Gloucestershire, and you know the proverb, 'As sure as God's in Gloucestershire.' But instead of the rushing Severn, one sees at the northern end of the valley the beginning of a wide lake that leads up forty miles away among the hills and is the very place for sailing, rowing, skating, and every adventure. Southwest the wooded hills rise line above line — ancient hills, I was told, showing no vestige of life in their rock, and leading away to the Alleghanies and Appalachians — the very watershed of the Eastern States. The lilacs were in full bloom for the slow but certain spring had come at last. Brown-breasted thrushes that early settlers fondly called 'robins' were running over the young grass, and

brilliant yellow birds, shaped like willow-wrens but smaller, hopped among the branches of the pines and the trees that are here called elms, though they are not the same elms as ours.

That university is a kind of Youths' Paradise. Boys and girls live there in perfect freedom, and with every chance of the widest education both in knowledge, practice, and manners. I do not know the exact numbers (I heard 6000 mentioned), but the girls have just been limited to 1000 because it was thought too many were coming, and some of the males objected to being beaten by so many girls in exams and to keeping their collars and language needlessly clean. All the arts and sciences and games are open to men and girls alike (though at present the girls do not play baseball or football). There are the separate colleges or faculties for arts, languages (very few learn Greek), history, economics, philosophy, and literature. All students have entry to a superb library, which has all the necessary books and, I suppose, about the finest collection of Dante and Petrarch literature in the world, besides a terrible series of original documents on witchcraft and the persecution of witches and other heretics. (One manuscript has the successive notes taken down during the gradually increasing tortures of a witch, and ending with the information that at this point the woman died.) Great buildings are devoted to chemistry and natural sciences. On the very top of the plateau stands the Stadium for athletic contests, and near by an enormous drill hall, built at the expense of the state, one hopes in vain. Beyond, on one side are the Observatory, a special building for home industries, another building for plant culture; and far beyond again the model dairy farms and poultry farms,

where all students may learn the mysteries of breeding and crossing, whether for eggs or milk or beef—subjects that were entirely neglected in the Oxford of my time. And in the dwelling-houses and 'Fraternities' frequent dances are held that last 'till a silence falls with the waking bird, and a hush with the settling moon.'

From this vision of Thelème I returned by daylight along a railroad which wandered through green and wooded valleys, much like the Chilterns, and along the banks of quiet rivers, and over a watershed giving far views to the unknown South. There the American people were living in scattered farms or in villages and small towns that all look like garden suburbs because the houses stand isolated each in its garden, without fence or hedge to suggest the meanness of property. And so I came again to the dreary marshes that lie south of New Jersey, and by ferry across the Hudson River to the splendid towers and palaces of New York City herself.

[*The Anglo-Italian Review*]

AT AN ARMY HOSPITAL IN ITALY

My first day in hospital passed tranquilly. One felt one had entered a kind of limbo, a spot out of the world, where one was neither alive nor dead—a kind of gentle prison where one was well treated, but where one was utterly cut off from the throbbing life of the world. And all this extraordinary transformation of one's existence was wrought by means of a simple piece of paper bearing an undecipherable signature. More tremendous still was the thought that yet another blue paper could give one again to the world, cast us again amid the noise of the clanging trams, the magic of the populous sunny streets, the beauty of the women's

eyes. Another piece of paper could fling us back to the front, to our workshop, our office desk, our den of a barracks — or — miracle in an age of unbelief — give us nothing less indeed than freedom, with days to call our own, evenings we could color with our own dreams, give us back our lost will, our lost life. Such thoughts were perilous then and apt to go to the brain. Bit by bit one began to absorb the spirit of one's surroundings, to analyze the atmosphere of the place, which at first enveloped one with its novelty and prevented one from thinking.

For me the change had been very sudden. On Sunday I had been out in the country in my civilian clothes, feeling better than I had felt for a long time, looking forward to a monotonous but peaceful life at the office of the Stato Maggiore for many months to come. On Tuesday, I was in hospital, in a long ward, dressed something between a lunatic and a house painter. The sudden contrast in one's surroundings almost took the breath away, and I began to ask myself if I were not perhaps dreaming. Toward evening, one's impressions tended to clarify, the fabulous became natural, the strange calmly objective. I began to take stock of my companions. The authorities had put me, it seemed, in a ward of mixed cases, the larger proportion of which were perhaps nervous maladies. The words *neurasthenia* and *esaurimento nervoso* developed gradually into a refrain which I hope it may never be my ill luck to listen to again.

We had shell-shock cases and examples of deafness and muteness caused, or alleged to be caused, by experiences at the front. There were also simple cases of men waiting to be examined for nothing more tragic than an almost complete absence of teeth, while there were others suffering from prostatitis. The man in the cot next to mine looked

a ruffian of the first water. He reminded me of the types I had seen at the prison hospital of Sant' Antonio. A brutal lowering expression, malicious eyes, and a jaw like a monkey's were points in his facial equipment. He spoke the pure Roman dialect of Trastevere, and abounded in the vulgar yet often picturesque oaths of the wine carriers of the *Castelli romani*. He came into hospital an hour or two later than myself, flung his bundle down on the bed with a grunt, and began to study his surroundings with complete nonchalance. He lit a cigarette, and commenced to talk of himself with something of the air of a sulky murderer. He explained to me that he was in hospital because he had the unpleasant habit of getting up in a kind of somnambulistic trance in the middle of the night and attempting to throttle his neighbor. He did not say how long he had suffered from this infliction, nor explain the reason of its genesis.

'A pleasant companion to find one's self next to,' I thought.

However, I presumed him to be exaggerating and talking in order to make an effect, though during my first night in the Celio I must confess I did not sleep too well, and turned an occasional eye on my friend with the original and distressing malady. A few days' sojourn within the hospital's melancholy walls taught me, however, to accept these remarkable self-offered accounts of their symptoms on the part of the patients with considerable reserve. I discovered that it was almost a point of honor to profess the most terrible symptoms and disorders, to rail at the ignorance and cruelty of the regimental doctors, and to pose as victims of a merciless and brutal system. This led me to find out that there were many malingerers even here who had succeeded in getting past their own doctors at the regiment into the com-

parative calm of the Celio. A soldier who was 'in observation,' as they called it at the Celio, had a *prima facie* right to be considered as being genuinely ill in one way or another. All, however, were not really so, as I was later able to satisfy myself by witnessing one extraordinary scene.

We had to pass no less than three 'visits' or examinations at the hands of three different doctors, so that there was a good chance of weeding out the genuine cases from the spurious, and catching the malingerers and simulators. Apart from the nervous and neurasthenic cases in my ward, there were also several soldiers with wounds that were not healing properly, or had broken out again, or had caused some other complication. The ward contained about sixty men and nearly half of them were neurasthenic cases, some of which were palpably genuine enough, for the condition of the sufferers was often pitiable. It generally happened, however, that these men, practically broken with nervous exhaustion, and unable to make a bold story of their sufferings, received less generous treatment at the doctors' hands than some of the brazen-faced rascals who still retained all their courage and their wits, and were thus in a position to make more impression, perhaps, on the medical men. Though no doubt this fact was taken into consideration by the staff, who in some cases were very hard to convince. There were men in the ward who had been four weeks 'in observation,' and had been subjected to as many as half a dozen medical examinations.

The results of the examinations, which took place in the morning between ten and twelve o'clock, were never known the same day, though, when a man had passed the captain and the major, he might have a pretty good idea of what fate had in store for him.

If his case was open to no suspicions of malingerer, he would often receive a hint from the orderly in charge of the day sheets on which were marked the results of the examinations.

But the official notices came through in the afternoon about four o'clock, and this time was always awaited anxiously by a number of the ward's inmates. An orderly would come bustling into the long room where the patients were lying on their beds or playing cards at the tables, and shout out four or five names. The hour of these men had arrived, and they would crowd round the orderly to hear the doctors' verdicts. These were usually couched thus: 'Three months' convalescence with liberty'; 'three months' convalescence at a military clinic'; 'a year's convalescence'; 'back to the battalion to-night'—a terrible sentence this—or very occasionally '*ri-forma* (complete discharge).'

It can be easily imagined with what trepidation these brief military announcements were awaited, what hopes were dashed to the ground, what sudden transports of joy pulsated in some soldiers' breasts. Moments of anguish and rapture truly were these.

The very day I entered the hospital, a tall, rather distinguished and blatantly good-looking man received his notice to go down to the dressing room and prepare to leave the hospital at once. He was fortunate, for the doctors had conceded him a whole year's convalescence with liberty, which meant that he could put on his civilian clothes again, and walk out into the street a free man with no other obligation than that of reporting himself to the military authorities and obtaining their consent every time he wished to move from city to city.

The man had evidently expected good news, for a messenger had brought him a valise filled with civilian clothes

which was dumped down beside his cot. We others, whose fate yet hung in the balance, watched this fellow preparing to dress himself. I lay on my bed and wondered what kind of a butterfly would evolve from this strange chrysalis enveloped in the preposterous robes of the hospital. Slowly the process of unfolding developed before our fascinated eyes. It was a little drama *à la Japonnaise* which I studied with the tensest interest. It all took place in silence. We others gazed upon this man as devout folk might watch the progress of a miracle. My companion on the right of me whispered: 'He's a cinema actor, and he's got a year's convalescence, lucky dog.' And gradually the cinema star evolved from the flapping bundle of linen swathes. The man dressed himself with exaggerated slowness and care. It seemed to me, indeed, that he was taking a theatrical pleasure in robing himself thus gorgeously before us, perhaps also enjoying with a certain refined cruelty our abashed and marveling expressions. He dressed himself in a beautiful new suit, adjusted his collar and tie with meticulous care before a mirror which he had in his suit case, and spent nearly five minutes doing his hair. Then, when he was at length fully attired, he shook himself like an animal, as if to relish voluptuously the clean, crisp feeling of new clothes. He put his hat on his head with another stage gesture, picked up his elegant cane from the bed, and turned to us all with the gesture of a grand seigneur.

'Good-bye, boys,' he said, with a pleasant smile, and strode majestically out of the ward. He was gone, the gorgeous cinema butterfly, leaving behind him a vague air of melancholy and resentment.

As he left the room, one of the patients, sitting near the door, offered, with true Italian courtesy, to carry his

bag for him down to the hospital gates. The actor accepted with a gesture of grandiloquent unconcern. The eyes of the poor devil next but one to me blazed with inner rage. He had already been nearly five weeks in the ward, because the authorities were waiting for some papers concerning his past medical history from the *carabinieri* of a distant province in Sicily.

'I should like to know precisely what's the matter with that fellow.' And he made one of those untranslatable southern gestures which express favoritism, influence, and that vague but real institution *camorra*.

Among the inmates of the ward in which I was placed was a little man from the extreme south of Italy, who had been in London several years and spoke English tolerably well. His wife, so he told me, was an Englishwoman looking after a little *café*-restaurant in the Borough. The doctors had given him *riforma* for an almost complete absence of teeth. He opened his hideous mouth with a kind of pride, much in the way an athlete exhibits the swelling muscles of his arm. He told me in confidence that he possessed a tolerable set of artificial teeth, but that he had deemed it wise to leave them at home before entering the hospital. He was a poor, puny specimen of a man anyway, and could not have been of much use in military service. He was being detained in the Celio till they could get some papers concerning him, and give him his passport to London, where he meant to go as soon as he was free. He was quite a cheerful little man, and a contrast to some of the melancholy creatures who wandered aimlessly up and down the avenues of the hospital grounds, or sat, sometimes for hours at a time, on the benches in the ward, or lay half-dressed upon their beds, gazing fixedly at the ceiling.

The man to my right who had con-

fessed to the unpleasant habit of getting up in the middle of the night and throttling his neighbor, was a very rough-looking customer. He had the appearance and the manners of a *teppista* or *Apache*, and it was whispered among us that he had more than one conviction for acts of violence to his account. Beyond one or two disgusting personal habits, and a habit of using blasphemous and obscene language, I had nothing to complain of in respect to him. Indeed, once or twice he tried to be friendly with me, and offered me a cigarette occasionally when my own store ran short. But he spoke such a rough and brutal dialect that I only understood him with difficulty; so after one or two unfertile attempts at conversation with me, he gave up the attempt altogether. After this, we only spoke on occasions of dramatic urgency as when, for instance, either of us had heard that the army medical captain or the major was expected to preside over an examination.

Among my comrades in the ward, there was only one man of education. He was a polyglot Jew with a smattering of half a dozen languages. He spoke English moderately well and with the insistence of the Jew sought every opportunity of having a talk with me in order to pass the time and refresh his English. There was also a Greek-speaking Italian who had been at Saloniki whom the Jew used to talk to in Greek, and an Austrian prisoner whom he unearthed in one of the wards with whom he would exchange brief phrases in German. He was a pleasant enough fellow, this Jew, with a superior kind of manner which reminded me of young Oxford or Cambridge undergraduates, and had a pleasant amusing touch of homeliness about it. I told him of this impression which his conversation made on me, and asked him if he had ever been at an English uni-

versity. He had not, but he had learned his English in the family of an Oxford don in England, and I suppose this fact accounted for the impression which his conversation made upon me. Since we were the only persons of education in the ward, and on account of the fact that he spoke English, there naturally grew up a bond of sympathy between us, and we would pass many hours together walking or sitting in the shady avenues of the grounds or in inventing all kinds of diversions to pass the time. He even lent me ten francs the day I entered the hospital for, not at all expecting to be detained there, I had come in with very little money in my pocket. And as I soon discovered, money was not without its value even in hospital.

This friend of mine was also a chess player, and we passed several hours together at the chessboard. We two would often go about in company of another fellow, a citizen of Viterbo who recovered his spirits after a first satisfactory visit to the medical captain, and became quite cheerful company. We would tell each other stories, and make excursions to the little north gate of the hospital, where, under the eye of the sentinel, we would buy fruit from an old woman who kept a stall just outside the gate and was regularly patronized by the soldiers.

The usual game of the majority of the inmates of the wards was the Italian village game of *morra*, that curious rowdy game where the players put up a number of fingers and the opponents shout their guesses.

We inmates were allowed to do pretty well what we liked all day, as long as we did not make too much noise. We could stroll from pavilion to pavilion and had the free run of all the grounds. We could attend the services in the chapel if we liked, Mass in the morning at eight o'clock, and

Benediction at half-past six. On the one or two occasions that I went there, I found the little chapel crowded with patients.

I have mentioned the fact that money did not lose its value within the walls of the hospital, and indeed, as is usually the case in this life, he who was entirely without it probably fared badly. For we patients and soldiers, isolated as we were from the world, and moving like shades in some Orcus lit with the blinding sun of Italy, had our friends—friends who did for us little acts of charity, friends who broke the hospital rules to help us, and risked indeed on occasion the usual military menace of ten days in prison. Though in hospital, we were still in Italy, that land of the *cuccagna* or 'good time,' and the *piantoni* were always ready to do what they could for us in their own short hours of liberty.

If one wanted a message taken to a friend in the city, there was always an orderly or a 'scrubber' disposed to help one. The acquisition of packets of cigarettes, though strictly forbidden by the rules, was always possible, and the traffic in bottles of wine to be consumed toward evening was occasionally phenomenal. It was a regular illicit business, carried out devotedly by the orderlies, who added in this way several lire to their modest pay of ten centesimi a day. The only impediment to the traffic was the capacity of the *piantoni*'s pockets and the exuberance of the requests for this delicate service. I never rightly understood whether or no smoking was permitted in the hospital. In our ward, we all smoked as many cigarettes as we could obtain from outside, and we did it openly under the eyes of the doctors. Since nobody said anything, I can only suppose that it was tolerated. For the sake of historical accuracy, I must say that there was no tobacco stall in

the hospital. There was, however, a barber's shop, and a bureau where one could obtain the daily papers. The whole place impressed me as being rather like a large hotel in the *inferno* run by a caste apart with no desire for profit.

But leaving images and fantasies on one side, in the medical and surgical arrangements of the hospital there was every evidence of the greatest seriousness and care. The doctors and surgeons were picked men and often specialists in their own branch. As far as the therapeutics of the hospital went, one had the impression of enjoying the best that modern science could offer.

[*The Spectator*]

ON SETTING STORE BY MONEY

THE fear of moderate poverty—a fear which governed the Victorian middle class—is largely gone. We have seen it close, and laugh at our own fears. We do not mean that we have all experienced it. A portion of the middle class have, as we all know, been very much enriched by the war, but a much larger portion have been impoverished. There is not now, however, a prosperous man who does not count among his close friends, if not among his near relations, people who before the war lived like the rich and must now live very like the poor. Seen either from the outside or the inside, the change is less tremendous than it used to be supposed. Those who have experienced it and those who have watched it agree that its terrors can be easily exaggerated. Riches do not carry with them the sense of security that they used to carry, nor sudden poverty the sense of despair.

The financial outlook of rich and poor alike is not so much dark as foggy. Nothing can be distinguished

in regard to future events. The rich young man does not feel easy about future legislation, and the poor young man cannot forget that greater fools than he have made fortunes within his memory. He knows that the peculiar circumstances which blew the banknotes into their laps may never occur again, yet he cannot help hoping that he too may have luck. Anyhow, everything is uncertain but the present, and each is determined to enjoy what he has got, be it little or much, while he has got it. 'Light come, light go,' he feels, and the risk, or rather the risk of serious disaster, is not so great as has been supposed.

When people determine to enjoy their money, and seem disinclined to acknowledge their 'duty toward it,' their old-fashioned friends imagine that they must be determined to make an ignoble use of it, to 'chuck it away' wantonly or wickedly, in fact to use it to ruin themselves or others. This view is getting to be regarded as absurd. More than half the world, though they may fall occasionally into various extravagances and wickednesses, never of set purpose intend to put their money to any bad use. They intend to use it to buy what they want, and that is not what the Victorians wanted—namely, security. Everyone of course wants security from hunger and thirst and cold and squalor; but modern men and women do not desire, as the Victorians desired, to keep for their lives and leave to their children the same good seats in the theatre of life. They want good seats, if it is only for a bit; but if after the first act they must give up their stalls and go to the gallery—well, they will find many friends and relations there already who seem to be greatly enjoying the play.

The mass of educated people have found a new courage where money is concerned. Suppose a man has a praise-

worthy ambition to give his son what seems to him the best possible education, but he cannot do it without spending capital, without taking the risk of having to 'live differently' altogether. A few years ago such a man would have sighed and said he was not 'justified' in affording the boy the chance. Nowadays he would run the risk with a light heart. Suppose, again, that he has a chance of greatly improving his business if he is prepared to put so much money into it as to risk the necessity of living for the rest of his life according to a lower standard. The young man of to-day would be far more likely to take the chance than his father would have been. All this is not because the 'devil-may-care' spirit is spreading, but because he is inwardly convinced that no precaution he can take to tie his property to him is infallible, and also that he and his children will not necessarily be much less happy because they have much less money. Probably his cousins, and half his friends, and the children with whom his own children were brought up live in the simplest manner possible, and appear to be just as happy, just as capable, and just as well looked upon socially as he is himself.

Domestic servants in deserting their masters have to a great extent enfranchised them. There are two ends to a bell rope, and it is uncertain to which end liberty is attached. The middle and upper classes had until lately an absolute passion for attendance. They could not have broken themselves of the servant habit, but the servants broke them, and forced them to find other tests of social position than the ridiculous one of personal dependents.

The moralists have been telling us from time immemorial that we ought to set less store by money. They often forgot as they preached that men who

are to take money less seriously, to care less about it, will be apt to be careless of it in more senses than one. Good men will not put it to wrong uses, will not, for one thing, struggle and cheat in order to stuff into their mouths or their homes a dozen men's share of a scarce commodity; but neither will they always observe decorum in its outlay. The sort of Victorians who talked of money as 'a great trust' feared its loss more than they feared anything excepting death. You cannot expect men thus to dignify wealth if they are to be willing to lose it. Average men and women will not show a contempt for money in the manner that a saint might show it, but that the worship of it is far less devout than it was we cannot but feel sure. Of course it may be said that the really poor have literally been moving Heaven and earth to get better conditions, and those better conditions are represented by better wages; but, after all, the poverty of which they are so tired is not the poverty of which we have been speaking at all. The 'simple life' of the new poor is what they are asking for — a life of comfort without luxury or personal financial influence and without dependents. It is that life, not the life of the slums, which the English middle class have just discovered to have no real terrors even for those unaccustomed to it. If they can be sure of falling into that net, they will be willing to take

leaps which in the past would have seemed impossible, and in venturing much they will often, we cannot help hoping, gain a great deal more.

There existed before the war in all classes a great deal of unnecessarily dull life. A number of indistinguishable people spent their excess energies in an effort not to lose social ground. Maintaining the highest material standard of life which their income permitted, they found themselves without free time, free money, or free ideas. They were enslaved and often crushed by their own conventions. Many events have concurred to disintegrate these spellbound circles, among them a great invasion of more adventurous folk rushing upward and downward from above and from below. Half of them are joyously climbing, half of them have 'missed their spring,' thereby gaining experience and not losing self-respect. These last settle down to a life of plain living and very lively thinking. They do not acknowledge the meaningless conventions of their financial equals, ridicule fancied 'impossibilities' and defy imaginary 'musts,' diffuse ideas, refuse to deify bourgeois traditions, and bring into sympathy classes which have hitherto lived as strangers to each other. It is to these 'failures' that the social reformers may owe a not negligible part of their success — if indeed they do succeed.

[*The Cornhill Magazine*]
FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

BY LEWIS CHASE

IF it be true that those whom the gods love die young, how lavishly the divinities are bestowing their affections. Without irony, however, the world believes that young poets who are killed in war are the darlings of the gods. It believes that a certain immortality awaits those who sing sweetly and die nobly before their prime. During the past three years it has taken signal pains to do homage to four soldier-poets in particular, not to mention others less gifted or less known — Rupert Brooke, Charles Sorley, Alan Seeger, and, last but not least, the peasant poet of Ireland, 'poor, bird-hearted singer of a day,' Francis Ledwidge, who was killed in action, in Flanders, on July 31, 1917.

Lord Dunsany, poet and patron of poets, discovered Ledwidge in June, 1912. He advised him and sponsored his first volume, *Songs of the Fields*, which appeared in 1915; christening, as well as sponsoring, his second volume *Songs of Peace*, of 1917. He was strictly Lance-Corporal Ledwidge's 'Captain,' in the Fifth Battalion of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. In not immoderate introductions of sincere praise, Lord Dunsany spoke of his protégé's qualities, hailing him as 'the poet of the blackbird' — a highly appropriate epithet; commenting on his 'easy fluency of shapely lines'; predicting that readers will turn to him as to a mirror reflecting beautiful fields, as to a still lake, rather, on a cloudless evening; and rejoicing that Meath and the Boyne and Ireland at large had the

peasant poet for whom Lord Dunsany had long been looking; for almost only among the peasants was there 'in daily use a diction worthy of poetry, as well as an imagination capable of dealing with the great and simple things that are a poet's wares. Their thoughts are in the springtime, and all their metaphors fresh.'

Ledwidge contributed to the *Saturday Review* and to the *English Review*, and before his initial volume appeared, as I recall, three poems from it — 'A Rainy Day in April,' 'The Wife of Llew,' and 'The Lost Ones' — came out in *Georgian Poetry, 1913-1915*. It was here I ran across Ledwidge's name, and then, early in 1917, its editor, Mr. Edward March, sent me a copy of *Songs of Peace*. I was first struck by a poem which now for many months I have been using in a lecture on form, comparing it in this single respect, with Burns's 'Highland Mary,' and with Mr. A. Hugh Fisher's 'Her Eyes.' It is called 'A Little Boy in the Morning,' and was written about a lad who drove cows regularly past the poet's door, whistling as he went, and who died just before the war.

He will not come, and still I wait.
He whistles at another gate
Where angels listen. Ah, I know
He will not come, yet if I go
How shall I know he did not pass
Barefooted in the flowery grass?

The moon leans on one silver horn
Above the silhouettes of morn,
And from their nest-sills finches whistle
Or, stooping, pluck the downy thistle.

How is the morn so gay and fair
Without his whistling in its air?

The world is calling, I must go.
How shall I know he did not pass
Barefooted in the shining grass?

In answer to my queries concerning a lecture upon him in a course in contemporary poetry, Ledwidge, at the front, immediately took up a pad and an indelible pencil, and wrote the following extraordinary letter. It reached me on the last day of June. It is pure self-revelation to a sympathetic stranger of the most intimate interests of a poet under twenty-five years of age. In it one sees, as in a mirror, not only the landscape of which his work is full, but himself—the war and the possibility of his end, his affection for his kin and for his home, his boyish pranks, his eagerness for study, his modesty toward his past accomplishment, his faith in his future. As, still stunned by the news of his death, I look upon his delicate handwriting, there seems to me to have passed from the earth a very rare and precious spirit. Lord Dunsany prophesied better than he knew when he said that all Francis Ledwidge's future books 'lie on the knees of the gods.'

B.E.F., FRANCE, June 6, 1917.

PROFESSOR LEWIS CHASE:

DEAR SIR: Your letter of May 15 reached me this afternoon. I have to thank you for introducing my books into your University library and for the interest which you take in my poems, and will endeavor to supply you with what details you require of myself and my work for the composition of your proposed lecture. You will, of course, understand that I am writing this under the most inept circumstances between my watches, for I am in the firing line and may be busy at any moment in the horrible work of war.

I am on active service since the spring of 1915, having served in the Dardanelles and the First British Expeditionary Force to Serbia, and after a brief interval at home came to France in December, 1916. Some of the people who know me least imagine that I joined the army because I knew men were struggling for higher ideals and great empires, and I could not sit idle to watch them make for me a more beautiful world. They are mistaken. I joined the British army because she stood between Ireland and an enemy common to our civilization, and I would not have her say that she defended us while we did nothing at home but pass resolutions. I am sorry that party politics should ever divide our own tents, but am not without hope that a new Ireland will arise from her ashes in the ruins of Dublin, like the Phoenix, with one purpose, one aim, and one ambition. I tell you this in order that you may know what it is to me to be called a British soldier, while my own country has no place among the nations but the place of Cinderella.

I am of a family who were ever soldiers and poets. In the eleventh century when the Danes invaded Ireland many of the soldiers settled in the land and became more Irish than the Irish themselves. Among these was the first of my ancestors. I have heard my mother say many times that the Ledwidges were once a great people in the land, and she has shown me with a sweep of her hand green hills and wide valleys where sheep are folded which still bear the marks of dead industry, and, once, this was all ours.

These stories, told at my mother's doorstep in the owl's light, are the first things I remember except, perhaps, the old songs which she sang to me, so full of romance, love, and sacrifice. She taught me to listen and appreciate the blackbird's song; and when I grew to

love it beyond all others, she said it was because I was born in a blackbird's nest and had its blood in my veins. My father died when I was two.

There were four brothers of us and three sisters. I am the second youngest. For these my mother labored night and day, as none of us were strong enough to provide for our own wants. She never complained, and even when my eldest brother advanced in strength, she persisted in his regular attendance at school until he qualified at book-keeping and left home for Dublin. This position carried a respectable salary, but one day he returned unwell, and finally died, after a long struggle, on June 10, 1901.

One by one my other brothers and sisters left school for the world, until there were only left myself and my youngest brother and mother. I was seven years of age when my eldest brother died, and though I had only been to school on occasional days, I was able to read the tombstones in a neighboring graveyard and had written in secret several verses which still survive. About this time I was one day punished in school for crying, and that punishment ever afterwards haunted the master like an evil dream, for I was only crying over Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' which an advanced class had been reading aloud.

It was in this same class that I wrote my first poem, in order to win for the school a half-holiday. It was on a Shrove Tuesday, and the usual custom of granting the half-holiday had not been announced at playtime; so when the master was at his lunch, I crept quietly into the school and wrote on a slate a verse to remind him, leaving it on his desk. I remember it yet:

Our master is too old for sweet,
Too old for children's play,
Like *Æsop's* dog, that he can't eat,
No other people may.

This alluded to the pancakes that are always made on Shrove Tuesday and are a great treat in rural Ireland. The silly verse accomplished its end. Years afterwards he often spoke to me of that verse and wished he had the slate to present to someone who liked the story and my poetry.

There was a literary society for juveniles run through the pages of a Dublin weekly, and I soon became a member of this. In all the competitions for which I entered I carried off the prize, and soon had a decent library of the books which interest children. Odd halfpennies which I got for some message run from the neighbors accumulated in time to half-crowns, which in their turns were exchanged for *The Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Don Quixote*, and the poems of Keats and Longfellow. My admiration for Longfellow began early and I could recite passages from *The Golden Legend* at eight years. I loved the series of metaphors in *Hiawatha*, beginning:

Fiercely the red sun descending
Burned his way along the mountains, etc.,

but thought nothing in the world as wonderful as Shakespeare's fairy song:

Full fathom five thy father lies
Of his bones are corals made, etc.

While I was still at school many silly verses left my pen, written either for my own amusement or the amusement of my companions. Indeed I left many an exercise unfinished worrying over some thought that shaped itself into rhyme.

I have always been very quiet and bashful and a great mystery in my own place. I avoided the evening play of neighboring children to find some secret place in a wood by the Boyne, and there imagine fairy dances and hunts, fires and feasts. I saw curious

shapes in shadows and clouds and loved to watch the change of the leaves and the flowers. I heard voices in the rain and the wind and strange whisperings in the waters. I loved all wandering people and things, and several times tried to become part of a gypsy caravan. I read of Troy and Nineveh, and the nomads of the East, and the mystery of Sahara. I wrote wander songs for the cuckoos and winter songs for the robin. I hated gardens where gaudy flowers were trained in rows, but loved the wild things and the free, the things of change and circumstance.

Meanwhile the years were coming over me with their wisdom, and I began to realize that men cannot live by dreams. I had no more to learn in National School at fourteen, so I strapped up my books and laid them away with the cobwebs and the dust. My mother apprenticed me to a Dublin grocer, and sent me off one spring morning with many tears and blessings and nothing of anything else. I could not bear brick horizons, and all my dreams were calling me home. It was there I wrote 'Behind the Closed Eye':

I walk the old frequented ways
That wind around the tangled braes,
I live again the sunny days
Ere I the city knew.

And scenes of old again are born,
The woodbine lassoing the thorn;
And drooping Ruth-like in the corn,
The poppies weep the dew.

Above me in their hundred schools
The magpies bend their young to rules;
And like an apron full of jewels
The dewy cobweb swings.

And frisking in the stream below
The troutlets make the circles flow,
And the hungry crane doth watch them grow
As a smoker does his rings.

Above me smokes the little town,
With its whitewashed walls and roofs of brown
And its octagon spire toned smoothly down
As the holy minds within.

And wondrous impudently sweet,
Half of him passion, half conceit,
The blackbird calls adown the street
Like the piper of Hamelin

I hear him, and I feel the lure
Drawing me back to the homely moor;
I'll go and close the mountain's door
On the city's strife and din —

and scarcely was the last line written when I stole out through a back door, and set my face for home. I arrived home at six A.M., dusty and hungry after a weary thirty-mile walk. I determined never to leave home again, so I took up any old job at all with the local farmers, and was happy.

I set myself certain studies, and these I pursued at night when I should be resting from a laborious day. I took a certificate of one hundred and twenty words a minute at Pittman's shorthand, and soon knew Euclid as well as a man of Trinity College. I read books on logic and astronomy, and could point out the planets and discuss on the nebulae of the Milky Way.

I read and studied the poets of England from the age of Chaucer to Swinburne, turning especially to the Elizabethans and the ballads that came before the great Renaissance. I thirsted for travel and adventure, and longed to see the Italy of Shelley and the Greece of Byron. But the poems of Keats, and his sad life, appealed to me most.

I began to pick faults with Longfellow and Tennyson, and the poems of the former, which had erstwhile pleased me, seemed too full of color, too full of metaphor, and often too disconnected, like a picture which an artist began at one window and finished at another. Tennyson was too conventional for my taste, and nearly always spoiled his work with a prologue or an epilogue full of loud bombast or conceit. Shel-

ley was innocent of such sins, and poor Keats never heard of them.

For a long time I did little but criticize and rearrange my books, separating, as it were, the sheep from the goats. I put Longfellow and Tennyson at the back of the shelf, and gave Keats, Swinburne, Shelley, and the anthologies the foremost place in the light. I burned many copybooks which contained fugitive pieces of my own, because I thought it were better for them to die young and be happy than live to be reviled.

Georgian Poetry (with my three excluded) contains, I think, the best poems of the century. What could be sweeter than the songs at the 'Gates of Damascus' (J. E. Flecker's), or Stephens's 'Great Paths'?

Of myself, I am a fast writer and very prolific. I have long silences, often for weeks; then the mood comes over me, and I must write and write, no matter where I may be or what the circumstances are. I do my best work in spring. I have had many disappointments in life and many sorrows, but in my saddest moment song came to me and I sang. I get more pleasure from a good line than from a big check. Though I love music, I cannot write within earshot of any instrument. I cannot carry a watch on account of the tick, real or imaginary, and might as well try to sleep under the Bell of Bruges as in a room where a clock stands. I write a lot late at night in my rooms, though mostly my poems are written out of doors.

I have written many short stories, and one play which is declared a success by eminent playwrights who have read it.

'Rainy Day in April' was written when I was once temporarily away from home. It was inspired by homesickness and a drenching which I got on a bicycle:

When the clouds shake their hyssops, and the rain

Like holy water falls upon the plain,
'T is sweet to gaze upon the springing grain
And see your harvest born.

And sweet the little breeze of melody
The blackbird puffs upon the budding tree,
While the wild poppy lights upon the lea
And blazes 'mid the corn.

The skylark soars the freshening shower to hail,
And the meek daisy holds aloft her pail,
And Spring all radiant by the wayside pale
Sets up her rock and reel.

See how she weaves her mantle fold on fold,
Hemming the woods and carpeting the wold
Her warp is of the green, her woof the gold,
The spinning world her wheel.

'The Wife of Llew' was written in a meadow full of flowers and singing birds:

And Gwydion said to Math, when it was spring:
'Come now and let us make a wife for Llew.'
And so they broke broad boughs yet moist with dew,

And in a shadow made a magic ring:
They took the violet and the meadow-sweet
To form her pretty face, and for her feet
They built a mound of daisies on a wing,
And for her voice they made a linnet sing
In the wide poppy blowing for her mouth.
And over all they chanted twenty hours.
And Llew came singing from the azure south
And bore away his wife of birds and flowers.

'The Lost Ones' was written in a sad mood, when I remembered all whom I knew and who were lost and away forever. I wanted someone to console me by assuring me that beyond the dark, they would meet me again:

Somewhere is music from the linnets' bills,
And thro' the sunny flowers the bee-wings drone
And white bells of convolvulus on hills
Of quiet May make silent ringing, blown
Hither and thither by the wind of showers,
And somewhere all the wandering birds have flown;

And the brown breath of autumn chills the flowers.

But where are all the loves of long ago?
O little twilight ship, blown up the tide,
Where are the faces laughing in the glow
Of morning years, the lost ones scattered wide?
Give me your hand, O brother, let us go
Crying about the dark for those who died.

My favorites among my own are always changing. Of those published I, perhaps, like 'Thomas McDonagh' best:

He shall not hear the bittern cry
In the wild sky, where he is lain,
Nor voices of the sweeter birds
Above the wailing of the rain.

Nor shall he know when loud March blows
Thro' slanting snows her fanfare shrill,
Blowing to flame the golden cup
Of many an upset daffodil.

But when the Dark Cow leaves the moor,
And pastures poor with greedy weeds,
Perhaps he'll hear her low at morn
Lifting her horn in pleasant meads.

Better work than any you have yet seen from me is being selected for my next book, but my best is not yet written. I mean to do something really

great if I am spared, but out here one may at any moment be hurled beyond Life.

Here is a little recent thing — 'Pan':

He knows the safe ways and unsafe,
And he will lead the lambs to fold,
Gathering them with his little pipe,
The gentle and the overbold.

He counts them over one by one
And leads them back by rock and steep
To grassy hills where dawn is wide
And they may run and skip and leap.

And just because he loves the lambs
He settles them for rest at noon,
And plays them on his oaten pipe
A wonder of a little tune.

Best wishes and thanks.

Yours very sincerely,
FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.

[*Westminster Gazette*]
CHOOSING HYMNS

BY JOHN FREEMAN

We sat and sang our hymns. The sweet-mouthed organ
Muted its music into dreariest drones.
The widow chose, then the aunt and straight-lipped daughter,
And rejoiced in the lingering lugubrious tones.

Through the west mullion I could see the hawthorn
Baring its boughs, and scarce a leaf left behind.
The plain cold light grew dusk as we chose on,
And voices with the sad-stopped organ whined.

And then I chose 'The Church's One Foundation,'
Because, I said, as a boy I liked it best.
As we sang all five verses I saw through the window
The young naked moon couched on the hawthorn's breast.

MEDITATION

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

As I sit here alone in the calm lamp-light,
Watching the red embers
Slowly fade and crumble into gray dust,
With that impenetrable silence
Of long night about me
And the companionship of the immemorial dead
At hand upon my shelves,
Then, when I have freed myself
From trivial designs and false longings,
When I have fortified my soul
To endure the rough shock of truth,
Then I can think without trembling or
whimpering
That I must see you dead,
That I must press down your useless
eyelids,
Extend your arms, smooth down your
hair,
And set upon your lips, a withered
flower,
The poor last kiss.

In the imagination
I have endured all that without a tear;
Yet, if it were not that above all things
I seek and cling to my own truth,
I would cozen my agony with any lie,
Any far-fetched similitude, any dream
Which would lighten with hope this
heavy certitude;
I would kiss the feet of man or woman
Who would prove to me your immortality,
Prove to me your new life circles this
life
As the immense sky, naked and starry,
Circles with its illimitable round
The low white roof of our cottage.

Yet, as I would not catch your love
with a lie,
But force you to love me as I am,
Faulty, imperfect, human,
So I would not cheat your inward being
With untrue hopes nor confuse pure
truth with a legend.
This only I have:
I am true to my truth, I have not
faltered;

And my own end, the sudden departure
From the virile earth I love so eagerly,
Once such a sombre matter, now appears
nothing
Beside this weightier, more torturing
bereavement.

[*Bookman*]

SONG OF PAN

Long ago, with flocks returning
In the twilight, my heart burning —
For the wood nymph Syrinx yearning —
Through the bracken softly peeping,
I beheld my beauty sleeping:
Lovely as the early morning;
Like a flower the grass adorning.

Flying on up dale and dingle
Where the mountain runnels mingle;
Round the foothills through the
heather,
Like a sunbeam, like a feather.

Tiring once, her torn feet stumbled
As the earth beneath them crumbled,
And upon the rock she tumbled.
Then I heard her cry as, staring,
With her frightened fingers tearing
The rude stones, she rose, and faster
Flew — but I had nearly passed her.

Then she stopped! I saw her shiver,
Saw her fluttering eyelids quiver:
Lo! Before her shone a river.
She must either, wildly springing,
In the stream her body flinging,
Perish where the water races,
Or be lost in my embraces.

‘Naiads! Naiads! Are ye sleeping?
See! I trust me to your keeping!’
Cried she, in the river leaping.
Swift, I spread my arms and caught
her,

As she touched the broken water;
But the nymphs had heard her gasping...
Hollow reeds behold me clasping!

Syrinx! Syrinx! in the river,
I will leave thee never, never —
Thou shalt be my voice forever.
On thy lips my rude lips pressing
I will breathe through thee a blessing,
And in music thou replying,
Earth shall love me for thy sighing.